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The Viddhaśālabhañjikā of Rājasekhara, now first translated from the Sanskrit and Prākṛit.—By Dr. LOUIS H. GRAY, Newark, N. J.

INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the dramatists of ancient India an important place is occupied by Rājasekhara, even though he is justly ranked below Kālidāsa, Bhavabhūti, Harṣa, Śūdraka, and Viśākhadatta. He was the author of four dramas: the *Karpūramañjarī*, one of the three *sattakas* known to be still extant; the *Bālarāmāyaṇa*, a *nāṭaka* in ten acts on the legend of Rāma; the *Pracaṇḍa-pāṇḍava*, a drama in two acts (apparently a fragment) founded on the *Mahābhārata*; and the *nāṭikā* entitled *Viddhaśālabhañjikā*, the play which is here translated for the first time. All accessible details concerning the life of the poet have been discussed by Konow and Lanman in their edition and translation of the *Karpūramañjarī*, and it will therefore be sufficient for me to state merely that Rājasekhara flourished about 900 A. D., that he was the guru of Mahendrapāla and resided as a courtier of this monarch's son at Kanauj, then the capital of the kingdom of Āryavārta, north of the Narmadā, whence he seems later to have gone to the court of the Cedi princes. By birth he was a Yāyāvara Brahman and a Śaivaite in creed. Apparently he was born in the western Deccan, and evidently came of a family of poets, since in *Bālarāmāyaṇa* i. 13 he mentions among his ancestors Akālajalada, Surānanda, Tarala, and Kavirāja (comp. Aufrecht, *Catalogus Catalogorum*, i. 1, 729, 223, 88), while in

Bālarāmāyaṇa i. 16 = *Pracandapāṇḍava* i. 12 he makes the still more significant statement that 'aforetime he was born of an ant-hill [i. e., was the poet Vālmīki], then on earth he became Bhartṛmenṭha,¹ then he bore the guise of Bhavabhūti, and now is Rājasekhara.' This stanza undoubtedly represents what the poet regarded as his literary ancestry, and his mention of Bhavabhūti is the more striking in view of the debt which Rājasekhara owes to him as well as to Harṣadeva. In addition to the four dramas, a number of fragments are cited under the name of Rājasekhara in the anthologies, and verses are quoted from his works by several Sanskrit authors (Konow, 188-191, 197-199).

Of the plays of Rājasekhara the only ones which lend themselves readily to translation are the *Karpūramañjarī* and the *Viddhaśālabhāṅjikā*. The *Pracandapāṇḍava* is but a fragment, and the *Bālarāmāyaṇa* is too long and too closely analogous in theme to Bhavabhūti's *Uttararāmacarita*, already translated by Wilson, to repay an English version, despite the favorable criticism of Apte, 31-39. The *Karpūramañjarī* is now accessible in Lanman's masterly rendering, and a version of the first act and half of the second act of the *Viddhaśālabhāṅjikā* was prepared by Mr. Montgomery Schuyler, Jr. The pressure of other duties, however, rendered it impossible for him to complete his translation, and he accordingly resigned the task in my favor, placing his material at my disposal.

Four editions of the *Viddhaśālabhāṅjikā* are generally available: by Vāmanācārya in the old series of the *Paṇḍit*, vi. Nos. 65-72 (Benares, 1871-1872), pp. 117-124, 146-151, 173-175, 199-202, 225-228, 274-276, 299-302, giving merely the text and a *chāyā*, but no commentary; by Vidyāsāgara with the commentary of Satyavrata Sāmaśrami (Benares, 1873) and again with his own gloss (Benares, 1883); and by Arte (Poona, 1886), with the commentary of Nārāyaṇa Dīkṣita, which ends abruptly in the middle of the Brahmanee's speech in the *praveśaka* of the fourth act.² Manuscripts of the play are not infrequent, sixteen being listed by Aufrecht, together with two commentaries by Nārāyaṇa Dīkṣita and one by Gha-

¹ See Aufrecht, i. 397; Apte, *Rājasekhara: His Life and Writings*, 3.

² The edition of the play in the magazine *Pratnakamranandini*, used by Cappeller for the smaller Petersburg lexicon, is inaccessible to me.

naśyāma (Aufrecht, i. 573, ii. 135, iii. 121 ; comp. Schuyler, *Bibliography of the Sanskrit Drama*, s. v. *Rājasekhara*). Nārāyaṇa Dīkṣita, son of Raṅganātha Dīkṣita and brother of Bālakraṣṇa, flourished in the eighteenth century, since he wrote a commentary on the *Uttararāmacarita* in 1764. He was also the author of several other *tīkas*, including glosses on the *Mālatīmādhava*, the *Hanumannātaka*, and the *Vāsavadattā* (Aufrecht, i. 292). Ghanaśyāma, who was the minister of the Marathi king Tukkoji, was a voluminous writer, who boasts of having composed sixty-four works, including seven dramas, and commentaries on an equal number of other plays and on the *Vāsavadattā*. His commentary on the *Viddhaśālabaṇḍikā*, which he entitled *Prāṇapratīṣṭhā*, was written, according to his own statement, in three hours, while his two wives, Sundarī and Kamalā, later composed another *tīka* entitled *Sundarikamaliya*, which they based on their husband's work (Hultzsch, *Report on Sanskrit Manuscripts in Southern India*, iii. pp. ix.-x., 8, 66-68).

If the commentary of Nārāyaṇa may be taken as a guide, the text of the play as given by Vāmanācārya and Vidyāsāgara is far preferable to that of Arte, as is clear from the following examples, in which I have made no attempt to be exhaustive : *sudhāskandinīḥ* (so also *Bālarāmāyana*, i. 17) instead of *sudhāsyandinīḥ* (Arte, 9, 5) ; *virasaḥ* (so also *Bālarāmāyana*, ii. 17) instead of *vimukhaḥ* (14, 6) ; *dukūlaṁ* instead of *kukūlaṁ* (38, 10) ; *a sasiarakaraṁ* instead of *asisirakarakaraṁ* (69, 2) ; *nīlābhjīḥ* instead of *nīlābje* (89, 4) ; *masī* instead of *malī* (92, 8) ; *tado* instead of *jado* (96, 8) ; *viggahaṁto* instead of *viṇiḥaṁto* (99, 9) ; and *saṁpuḍāgamā vā* instead of *saṁpuḍabhavā* (108, 2). A critical text of the *Viddhaśālabaṇḍikā* is, however, still a desideratum.

The Prākṛit, as in most native editions of Sanskrit plays, is very corrupt. I am not altogether sure whether this is due to Rājasekhara's ignorance of the Māhārāṣṭrī and Śaurasenī dialects, as is supposed by Konow, 199-204, and Pischel, *Grammatik der Prākṛit-Sprachen*, 21-22. The Prākṛit of the *Viddhaśālabaṇḍikā*, as well as of the *Pracandapāṇḍava* and the *Bālarāmāyana*, requires investigation. *A priori*, one would expect a *kāvya*-poet to be scrupulously exact in his linguistic usage, especially when he vaunts himself as being *survabhāṣāvīcakṣaṇa*

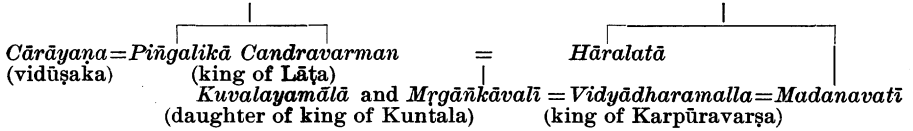
(*Bālarāmāyaṇa*, i. 10, 1) and *savvabhāsācadhura* (*Karpūramāñ-jarī* i. 7, 1). Judgment on this point must, however, be deferred for the present.

The drama derives its name of *Viddhaśālabhañjikā* from as slight an incident as does the *Mṛcchakatikā*. In a crystal pavilion the vidūṣaka sees a 'statue on a pillar' (*stambhe śālabhañjikām*, Arte, 33, 6), which is an effigy of the heroine, and which he later terms *viddhasaṅcāridasālabhañjiā* (65, 2). Although this word is rendered 'carved wooden statue' by Apte, 24, and although Henry, *Histoire de la Littérature Sanskrite*, 313, declares that the force of *viddha* is unknown, the title of the play should doubtless be translated 'The Pierced Statue,' as is clear from Nārāyaṇa's gloss *avasthāpanasthale viddhā*, thus showing that the statue (*śālabhañjikā*) was pierced (*viddha*) so that it could be fastened to the pillar.

Detailed analyses of the *Viddhaśālabhañjikā* have been given by Wilson, ii. 354-359 (on which is based the brief summary of Klein, *Geschichte des Drama's*, iii. 366-367), Lévi, *Théâtre Indien*, 245-247, Konow, 185-186, and especially by Apte, 24-27. I can, therefore, omit any minute account of its movement here. The action, however, is rather more involved than in the majority of Sanskrit plays, although the subsidiary plot is but loosely connected with the main theme. This by-plot, which complicates the action until it almost suggests the involution of the New Attic Comedy as represented by Plautus and Terence, deals with a trick played by the queen and Mekhalā on the vidūṣaka. Filled with delight at the prospect of a new bride, he is married in due form to a charming creature who turns out to be a man in disguise. Cārāyāṇa seeks revenge on Mekhalā for her share in his disappointment, and renders her the victim of a most humiliating trick, in which the queen believes her husband to be an accomplice. To be avenged in her turn on the king, Madanavatī dresses Mṛgāṅkāvalī, the supposed bridegroom of Kuvalāyamālā, in the garments proper to her real, though unsuspected, sex, and marries her to the king, thus outwitting herself by giving him all that he had hoped for, especially as he was then free to wed Kuvalāyamālā, his other love, since she could scarcely be considered the wife of another woman. A curious analogy to the marriage of the vidūṣaka to a man in disguise is furnished by Ben Jonson's *Epiccene*; or

the *Silent Woman*, where Truewit, Clerimont, and Sir Dauphine conspire to marry Morose, who cannot bear to hear a sound, to Epiccene, a “silent” woman, whom he soon finds to his dismay to be an exceedingly noisy youth.

The mutual relation of the chief characters of the *Viddhaśālabhaṇjikā* is not readily apparent at first sight, but may be made clear by the following diagram :



This general scheme of a cousin becoming the co-wife of the queen is a favorite device in the Sanskrit comedy of court intrigue. In the *Karpūramañjarī* the heroine is the queen's maternal cousin, and the same statement holds good of Priyadarśikā and Queen Vāsavadattā in the *Priyadarśikā* of Bhavabhūti, and of Ratnāvalī and Queen Vāsavadattā in Harṣa's *Ratnāvalī*.

The time of the *Viddhaśālabhaṇjikā* apparently covers about two months. The first act opens at dawn in early spring, and closes at noon. The second act begins in the late afternoon, possibly on the same day as Act 1, although *rātrim akhilāṁ tvanmārgavātāyane . . . sthitir vartate* (66, 10-11) perhaps implies the lapse of a few days. The third act is laid some days later, as is shown by *muddhasasijāmiṇīsu asamañjasaṁ vippla- laudī* (75, 3), and takes place in the early evening of the day of the full moon of Vāisākha (April-May). Between the third and fourth acts a little over a month elapses, since it is laid in the dawn and the morning of a day in the beginning of summer (*grīṣma*), and consequently about the middle of May.

The *Viddhaśālabhaṇjikā* has been criticized from a dramatic point of view by Lévi, 247-248, and by Apte, 28-31. Both unfavorable, the latter is especially severe, nor can it be denied that his blame is altogether without justification. Allowance should, however, be made for the fact, not generally recognized, that a Sanskrit drama is to be compared with an opera rather than with a play, since the main stress is laid on beauty of diction and versification instead of action. This feature of the Hindu drama is so emphasized in the writings of Rājasekhara that Apte is right when in his criticism, 41-44 (comp. Pischel,

Göttingische gelehrte Anzeiger, 1883, 1227-1228), he says that he was a *kāvya*-poet rather than a dramatist. Rājasekhara is an artistic juggler with words. He describes externals (in fluent, but somewhat shallow, verse) better than he portrays feelings, suggesting by his conventional learning and his conceits the Greek poets of the late Alexandrian period. The most serious dramaturgic fault in the *Viddhaśālabhañjikā*, however, is the curious ineptitude in consequence of which the heroine does not appear upon the stage until the middle of the third act, and even then does not meet the king face to face for almost a quarter of an act more. The hero's long descriptions of her are monotonous instead of stimulating, while the *praveśikas*, or connecting-scenes, render the baldness of the prologues of Euripides of dazzling interest by contrast. Yet, except for the delay in the introduction of the heroine, this play shows a marked advance over the *Karpūramañjarī*. The hypothesis of Konow, 184, that the *Karpūramañjarī* is the older play, seems, to my mind, to be amply confirmed by the author's progress in stagecraft as shown in the *Viddhaśālabhañjikā*. Thus the device by which Mṛgāṅkāvalī is present at the court as a hostage is far more probable than the introduction of Karpūramañjarī (like Helen in Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*) to the hero's presence by magic arts. This hostage idea seems to have been original with Rājasekhara, and the same may be said of the device by which Vidyādharamalla first sees Mṛgāṅkāvalī in what he supposes to be a dream. In like manner, the double description of the heroine as swinging and playing at ball is superior in rapidity of action to the *Karpūramañjarī*, which represents her as enjoying only the former amusement, while the *dénouement*, which shows the influence of the *Priyadarśikā* and the *Ratnāvalī*, has its interest heightened by the success of the royal army, a device which forms no part of Rājasekhara's earlier play.

A most interesting and distinguishing characteristic of Rājasekhara, already noted by Apte, 45, and Lanman, 205-206, is his use of proverbs, which seem to be especially frequent in the *Karpūramañjarī* and the *Viddhaśālabhañjikā*. As a rule, they are put in the mouth of the vidūṣaka, who thus finds an interesting analogue in Nicholas Proverbs in Henry Porter's *Pleasant Comedie of the Two Angry Women of Abington*.

For these proverbs I have naturally sought to give in my notes what parallels I could find, also adding such analogies with other Sanskrit dramas as are presented by the *Viddhaśālabhaṅjikā*.

In his diction Rājaśekhara affected unusual words and meanings, as has already been noted by Apte, 30, and Lanman, 201. In addition to the material there given, the following words and meanings may be noted as supplementary to the Petersburg dictionaries : *anākara*, 'having no mine' (63, 6), not in lexicons with this meaning ; *asitavasanatā*, 'state of being clothed in black' (89, 4), not in ; *ārabhaṭi*, 'exhibition of bravery' (100, 1 ; omitted by Vidyāsāgara), not in with this meaning ; *ās + vyapa*, 'to take one's seat at a distance' (18, 8), not in ; *kukūla*, 'husk' (38, 10 ; Nārāyaṇa and Vidyāsāgara read *dukūla*), only lexicographers cited for this meaning ; *kelipaṇkaja* 'play-lotus' (61, 12 ; comp. *kelikamala*, *kelikadamba*, and *kelivṛkṣa*), not in ; *gonāsa*, 'kine-snouted' (4, 2 ; comp. Apte, 6), only lexicographers cited for this meaning ; *nṛpurī*, name of a city (128, 17 ; comp. Apte, 46), not in ; *pracaya-vant*, 'heaped, copious' (66, 8), not in ; *prākārāgra*, 'coping of a wall' (26, 2), only lexicographers cited for this word ; *māmsalatā*, 'thickness, fullness' (97, 1), not in with this meaning ; *māmsalīkr*, 'to thicken' (24, 9), not in ; *rohiniṣvallabha*, 'moon' (1, 2), only lexicographers cited for this word ; *lap + ud*, 'to whisper' (18, 1), not in ; *śvetatā*, 'whiteness' (109, 2), not in.

In my translation, the numbers in parentheses refer to the pages of Arte's edition, and those in brackets to the second text of Vidyāsāgara. My thanks are due to Prof. Lanman for his courtesy in lending me his copy of Apte's pamphlet, which otherwise would have been inaccessible to me, and to Prof. Jackson for pointing out the reference in Hultzsch.

THE VIDDHASĀLABHAÑJIKĀ.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

In the Induction

The Stage-Manager.

In the Play

Vidyādharamalla, King of Karpūravarṣa, husband to *Madanavati*, and in love with *Mṛgāṅkāvalī* and *Kuvalayamālā*.*Bhāgurāyaṇa*, a Brahman, Prime Minister to *Vidyādharamalla*.*Cārāyaṇa*, a Brahman, buffoon to *Vidyādharamalla*.*Haradāsa*, Pupil to *Bhāgurāyaṇa*.*Kuraṅgaka*, a Messenger from Vatsa, General to *Vidyādharamalla*.*Messenger*, from Candrarvarman, King of Lāṭa.*Man-Servant* to *Madanavati*.*Madanavati*, Queen to *Vidyādharamalla*, and niece to Candrarvarman, King of Lāṭa.*Mṛgāṅkāvalī*, Daughter of Candrarvarman, King of Lāṭa, and beloved by *Vidyādharamalla*.*Kuvalayamālā*, Daughter to Caṇḍamahāseṇa, King of Kuntala, and beloved by *Vidyādharamalla*.*Piṅgalikā*, Wife to *Cārāyaṇa*.*Mekhalā**Taraṅgikā**Kuraṅgikā**Vicakṣaṇā**Sulakṣaṇā**Hārayaṣṭhī**Kalakanṭhī**Vasantalatā**Maṅgalikā**Kāmakelī**Mṛgāṅkālekḥā**Bakulāvalī**Parabhṛtikā**Kalpalatā**Portress.*} *Maid-Servants* to *Madanavati*.

(1) [1]

ACT I.

*(Induction)**(Invocation)*

Lo, unto him that teacheth tender youth
 Entrancing knowledge of impassioned bliss,
 That is the dearest friend the moon doth have,
 Unarmed, yet conquering e'en the God of Gods¹

(2) With arrows flower-tipped, and through his might
 Ruling the drama that mankind call Love,
 To him, aye, Kāma, be all glory given !

(3) And furthermore,

Oh, gentle maiden-eyes! to you I bow,
 Ye that subdue the Lord of Triple Sight,
 And by your glances soft bring back to life
 The God of Love whom Śiva's gaze hath slain.²

(4) [2] *(Meditatively)*

And o'er you, gentles all, may she³ e'er watch
 Girt round with powder 'gainst the snake kine-snouted,
 With magic herbs that fright the serpent-brood ;
 Aye, bearing in her hands those jewels of might
 That quench the venom-fire in Śiva's throat,
 Well knowing mystic mantras muttered low
 By matrons of her kin to guard her safe
 From all the demon-rout about her lord,⁴
 E'en while in ecstasy of bliss and fear
 She trembleth at the coming of her spouse.

(5)

(End of the invocation)

¹ Alluding to Kāma's victory over Śiva, in which, however, the love-god was reduced to ashes by the flame from the defeated deity's third eye. For the association of Kāma with the sentimentalizing moon see *Indische Sprüche*, No. 6145.

² *Indische Sprüche*, No. 2926.

³ Durgā, the wife of Śiva, in her stern aspect.

⁴ Śiva's constant attendants are various sorts of demons, while he wears a necklace of serpents.

(*Enter the STAGE-MANAGER*)

[3] STAGE-MANAGER (*looking toward the wings*). I know not what is this day's bidding of the council of the noble heir-apparent.¹

(6) (*Song in the wing*)

In anguish at the dying of his love,
That once he nurtured, for the jasmine-spray—
Now faded and insipid in his sight—

(7) The bee doth guard and guide, rock and embrace,
Yea, kiss the soft and wanton mango-bud,
As she were his beloved, all flower-fair.²

[4] STAGE-MANAGER (*listening*). Ah, the song is an allusion to the theme³ of a drama entitled the “Viddhaśālabhañjikā” and written by a scion of Yāyāvara's house, Duhika's son, [5] the poet Rājasekhara. (*After reflection.*) Therefore, methinks, the council of the noble heir-apparent doth command it to be given, so I myself shall undertake the rôle of the prime-minister Bhāgurāyaṇa's pupil, Haradāsa, whom his scholars give this name on account of his appearance.⁴

(8) (*Speaking off*)

Good Somadatta, why not portray here the host of virtues of the great-grandson of Akālajalada?⁵

(*Ibid.*) Harken !

No need here to recount with many words
The deeds of him who is devotion's self
To others' weal, and ever still doth teach
Mahendrapāla,⁶ home of every art,
The glory of great Raghu's lineage.

(9) [6] And hear the words of Kṛṣṇaśaṅkaravarman,⁷ the noblest in the assembly.

¹ See, for the identification, Konow, 186.

² The jasmine is an allusion to the queen, Madanavatī; the mango to the king's former flame, Kuvalayamālā; the beloved is, of course, her successor, Mṛgāṅkāvalī; and the bee is the king, Vidyādharamalla.

³ *upakṣepa* (Lévi, *Théâtre Indien*, 3, 6; Konow, 180-183).

⁴ Because of his resemblance to the ascetic deity, Śiva.

⁵ Rājasekhara (Konow, 182).

⁶ Konow, 178-179.

⁷ Aufrecht, *Catalogus Catalogorum*, i. 123; Konow, 197.

Would'st have thy draught elixir of delight,
 And write thee poesy that sages praise,
 Wouldst thou swift climb to wisdom's pinnacle,
 And feast upon the fruits of life's great tree,
 Then harken, brother, to th' ambrosial words
 Of Rājasekhara, the bard of Ind.¹

(Exit)

(End of the Induction)

(10) [7] (Enter HARADĀSA)²

HARADĀSA (*shaking his head*). Yes, yes, wisdom most excellent is more worth than all. Thus hath it been said :

Yea, Wisdom is the Kine of Plenteousness,³
 That giveth joy, dispelling sorrow's blight,
 And yieldeth glory rich as creamy milk ;
 All taint of sin and shame it drives afar,
 For in its holy draught dwells purity.

And this very fact is proved in high degree by our teacher's conduct, for,

Great Candravarman, Lāṭa's⁴ prince, doth rule
 O'er all mankind ; but since he hath no son,
 His daughter he hath garbed in youth's attire,
 Whereof the viceroy of our king doth know
 Through trusty spies—and now the minister,⁵
 Whose sight doth cleave to the six qualities,⁶
 Hath brought her hither to behold our lord
 In her disguise that apeth boyhood's grace.⁷

¹ Repeated in *Bālarāmāyaṇa*, i. 17.

² The scene is a colonnade of the royal palace.

³ *Kāmadhenu*, the celestial cow of plenty, which yields every wish. The stanza is repeated in *Pracaṇḍapāṇḍava*, i. 9.

⁴ A district of ancient India, corresponding to the modern Gujarat (Lassen, *Indische Alterthumskunde*, i.² 138: Balfour, *Cyclopædia of India*,³ ii. 681), or, according to Apte, *Rājasekhara, His Life and Writings*, 49, probably including Broach, Baroda, and Ahmadabad. The name was borne by a historical king of Āryāvarta, who was conquered by Samudragupta about 350 A.D. (Duff, *Chronology of India*, 28).

⁵ Bhāgurāyaṇa.

⁶ Alliance, war, marching, encampments, stratagems, and recourse to protection (*Manu* vii. 160).

⁷ The situation is closely analogous to the device of the prime minister Yāugandharāyaṇa, by which he introduces Ratnāvalī, the princess who will confer universal sovereignty on her husband, to her cousin-in-law, King Vatsa (*Ratnāvalī*, iv).

(11) [8] VOICE OFF STAGE. Good Cārāyaṇa, what is this? Dost thou say, "What but her is lacking to the mighty monarch, surrounded by thousands of inmates of his harem?"

[HARADĀSA] (*replying*) No, not so! Here there is a key-note,¹ and it will be revealed in the *dénouement* of the plot.

(*In the wing*)

Be this a dawn of beauty for the king, awakened by the lovely break of day! Lo, now,

[9] Damsels whose pride the moonbeams may not melt
Nor koel's² sad entreaties reconcile,
Rest now, enwrapping with their tresses soft
The feet of them they love, all anger fled
When pulsing breezes usher in the dawn.

(12) (*Ibid.*) What ho, ye most excellent bards! The folk of the harem, who dwell round about the great king's gynaeceum, built by his minister, address you: "Is it not time for our lord, Vidyādharamalla, to awake? Why, then, do ye not chant the panegyric of the dawn?"

[10] (*Ibid.*) Victory, victory to the lover of Ujjain? A goodly dawn to thee! For now,

Scattered and dim as pearls of olden time,
The stars grow pale, the while cakoras³ sleep
Deep drunken with the nectar of the moon,
That hastes, wan as a hive reft of its store,
Unto the western mount, but in the east
The limpid dawn, clear as a cat's gray eye.

And furthermore,

Loud calls the clarion of the silvern moon,
Reechoed by the clanking of the chains
(13) Of royal elephants that slowly rise
From mighty beds of dust, while all the sky

¹ Literally 'seed', *bīja* (Lévi, 34).

² The Indian cuckoo, *Eudynamis orientalis*. It is especially associated with lovers, since its cry is chiefly heard in the spring.

³ The Indian hill-partridge or red-legged partridge, *Caccabis chukor* (Yule and Burnell, *Hobson-Jobson*,² 194). It is conventionally supposed to drink only moonbeams.

Doth ring with music, charming woman's scorn,
Rejoicing e'en the birds that soar in air,
And filling poets' souls with melody.

[11] HARADĀSA. This is the effect of the minister's plan,
methinks, in that our lord awaketh at early dawn ; for,

Lo, this fair colonnade with cunning wrought
By our great viceroy and his artisans,
That here the monarch of Ujjain may rest.

Therefore I myself shall go to the mighty monarch's treasury to
supervise the giving of gold and jewels and all else commanded
by the minister for the workmen that have built the slumber-
chamber with its perforated columns, and for them that shall
begin a quadrangle of like adornment.

(*Exit*)

(*End of connecting-scene*)

(14) (*Enter the KING, filled with anxiety, and the VIDŪṢAKA,
who stands at the door*)

[12] Beside her face the radiant moon doth wane,
And gold is dim beside her beauty's sheen ;
Blue lotuses are pale beside her eyes,
And nectar is less sweet than her dear smile ;
Her brows more gently curve than Kāma's bow,
And words are dumb to tell her wondrous grace—
Since one like her the Godhead ne'er hath formed,
Nor can create in ages yet to come.¹

VIDŪṢAKA (*approaching*). Hail to thee, Sire.

[13] (KING *repeats the same words*)

VIDŪṢAKA. Well, well, sir ! this sort of matin recitation
is almost unprecedented on your part, old chap !

(KING *repeats his words*)

VIDŪṢAKA. Hm ! his heart is distracted ! what on earth
can it be ? (*Reflectively*) Well, I'll quiz him. Yes, indeed !
even the knot of a (15) mango-stalk don't yield all its sap with-
out pressing ! (*Standing in front of him*) My heart is burst-
ing with curiosity like a pomegranate fruit with ripeness. So

¹ Repeated in *Bālarāmāyaṇa*, ii. 17.

let my dear friend tell what has happened, and honor me with the mystery of the occurrence.

[14] KING (*looking at him*). Why shouldn't I tell it, noble Cārāyaṇa? The mind that shares its secret with a friend becomes as light as if its burden of care were divided.

VIDŪṢAKA. I'm all attention!

KING.

A dream came to me at the dawning day,¹
With luster brighter far than moonbeams soft ;
And in a halo tinier than thy hand

(16) There stood a maid whose loveliness divine
Surpassed the glory of the Lord of Night,
Inspiring in my breast o'erwhelming love.

VIDŪṢAKA. Here's a fine how-de-do ! You've had a crush on a girl ever since you saw that Kuvalayamālā coming out of [15] the water of the Narmadā.² While I am considering that problem, here's another swelling on top of a pimple.³ Well, what next?

KING. Then,

My heart a tablet, whereon Fancy limns
Her beauty, and where Love doth paint her form,
I bow me at her feet, her slave, her slave.

(*Again recites: "Beside her face," etc.*)

VIDŪṢAKA. What next?

KING. Hear nectar for the ears, quaff mead, drink ambrosia for the eyes !

¹ Dreams at dawn are destined to immediate fulfillment (Hall, *Vāsa-vadattā*, introduction, 30 ; also, for parallels, Gray, in WZKM. xviii. 40-41, 50). Compare the dream of the king in *Karpūramañjarī*, iii. 3. Was that vision the germ from which Rājasekhara afterwards developed the *Viddhaśālabhañjikā*?

² The modern Nabada, which flows some sixty miles south of Ujjain. Candapāla likewise falls in love with *Karpūramañjarī* when he sees her just after her bath (*Karpūramañjarī*, i. 26 ; ii. 24).

³ The same proverb occurs in the Vidūṣaka's speech at the opening of *Śakuntalā* ii. Compare *Mudrārākṣasa*, p. 120, and also the modern Marathi proverb, "Brandings on the top of pain" (Manwaring, *Marathi Proverbs*, No. 908 ; comp. likewise Nos. 822, 1419, 1642, 1747).

- (17) This necklace with its pearls of six months old,¹
 Bright as the smile of dames of Kerala,²
 And with the radiance of the rising moon,
 Once throbbed upon the bosom of a maid
 Whose witching eyes have charmed away my soul ;
 [16] Who swiftly 'bout my throat with the glad cry
 "Hail to the Lord of Love" did hang these gems,
 Whose midmost jewel doth deck the heavens blue
 With saffron glory famed o'er all the world.

VIDŪṢAKA (*touching his Brahmanical cord*). Be thy dream true by the word of me, a mighty Brahman whose necklace is a cord of dry grass! (*Aside*) Alas, wretched whoreson! Thou juggler dream, thou knowest how to work confusion even to them of mighty soul! (*Aloud*) What next?

[17] KING. Then,

- (18) "Who art thou, maiden, wherefore hast thou come?"
 I whispered low and seized her mantle's hem ;
 But softly gliding, lotus-garlanded,
 She vanished from my sight with winsome glance.

VIDŪṢAKA. Well, what did the queen get, going to bed alone?

KING.

Her limbs atremble, stumbling in her haste,
 Her massy girdle beating at her hips,
 The queen, abandoning her lonely couch,
 And clinging unto jealousy's dark thread,
 Sought the zenana with her retinue.

- [18] VIDŪṢAKA. Devil take your manners! Why didn't you calm her down while you were with her? How long are

¹ Comp. *Pracaṇḍapāṇḍava*, ii. 15. In *Karpūramāñjarī*, ii. 17; iii. 20 the *chammāsiamottia* is mentioned (comp. *dasamāsia*, iii. 5, as contrasted, perhaps, with *dasamāsappamāṇa*, iii. 3), but it seems to me, with the commentator and Apte, 43, to mean 'a pearl six months old', and hence 'new, fresh, brilliant,' rather than 'a pearl of six māṣikas' (see, however, Lanman, 250).

² A realm of ancient India corresponding roughly to the modern Malabar coast (Lassen, 188-191; Balfour, ii. 536). According to Apte, 48-49, it included Malabar as well as Kanara, and extended beyond the Cauvery.

the blue lotuses closed in the pool when the moon sends forth its beams ?

(19) KING (*smiling sadly*). I could not hold her, far less calm her down, for my mind was filled with thoughts of another.

VIDUṢAKA. You've proved the adage that "when the actor was seen adorned, the husband close by was scorned."¹

KING (*smiling sadly*). Oh, blessed hope, verily thou art not crushed. Pray reflect thou long,

[19] Ah, if there were a land where thirsting souls,
Beclad in robes of lotus intertwined,
Might drink their fill of moonbeams' nectarous,
Or where the perfume of the bakula,²
All boundless here, should find its measurement,
Then might a dream, in visions of the night,
In sooth create this damsel, flower fair.

(20) (*Gesticulating recollection, and gazing at the region of his heart*)

Is this a dream, or do I wake indeed,
Or yet half ope my eyes, half slumber still,
For if I saw no maid of glances bright,
How came this necklace on my throbbing heart ?

[20] VIDUṢAKA. I have an idea you were fooled by your own necklace which was hidden in the early part of the night.

KING (*gesticulating the pain of love*).

Oh, Lord of Love ! bend not thy mighty bow,
Nor wing thine arrows keen against my breast ;
Thy fitting target were great Śiva's self,
And not my heart with grief śirīṣa-thin ;⁴
Show thy great mercy to a burning soul—
Again reveal a vision of my love !

¹ Literally 'shaved' (*muṇḍido*, a jingle with *maṇḍide*, 'adorned').

² *Jyotsnāmṛta*, an obvious allusion to the name of the heroine, *Mṛgāṇ-kāvali*, while the king himself is likened by implication to a cakora.

³ *Mimusops Elengi*, Linn., "with small pale brown or white, sweet-smelling, fragrant flowers, of moderate size" (Balfour, ii. 950). According to poetic convention, it blossoms when sprinkled by maidens with mouthfuls of wine.

⁴ *Mimosa sirissa*, Roxb., a tree with fragrant, but very delicate flowers (Roxburgh, *Flora Indica*, Calcutta reprint, 417 ; Schmidt, *Beiträge zur indischen Erotik*, 221, 325).

[21] VIDŪṢAKA. 'There you go, giving the village an invitation because you've got some sweetmeats in a dream.' Come, let's go jolly the queen. A partridge close by now is better than a peahen a day off.²

KING. Just as you like.

(21) VIDŪṢAKA. Leave the way to the assembly-room with its throngs of thousands of tributary princes making obeisance in their devotion, and let us go to the Makarandodyāna³ by the back door. (*They do so*)

(*In the wing*)

May the advent of spring be for weal to the king, for now,

Within the swelling nodes the flowers lie,

And in the blades the tiny buds are hid ;

While in the koel's throat the pañcama⁴

Doth dwell, ere it sob forth in melody ;

Nay, were great Kāma's bow long laid aside,

[22] Then bent once more to do his sovereign will,
In three brief days 'twould win the triple world.

Lo, now the blossoms of the mango-tree,

In all the beauty of their tender bloom,

Are gently hidden by fair maiden-hands,

Lest those bereft of lovers should repine.⁵

¹ "Counting your chickens before they are hatched." Compare the Marathi saying, "Calculating at home on the fish in the sea" (Manwaring, No. 307), and the analogous Hindi proverb, "The jack fruit is on the tree, but the oil is on the lips," and the Bihari saying, "The father (fire) is not yet born, but the son (smoke) has taken his stand behind" (comp. Christian, *Behar Proverbs*, Nos. 30-32). Analogous is the Sanskrit proverb, "Proclaiming the name of a son before he is born" (Jacob, *Handful of Popular Maxims*, ii. 1; comp. also 56, 57). Comp. also the Hindustani proverb, "He was married last night, and has already named the boy Mahmud" (Roebuck, *Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases in the Persian and Hindoostanee Languages*, pt. 2, sect. 1, No. 662; comp. pt. 2, sect. 2, No. 403).

² Comp. the equivalent proverbs, "Better is a certain *kārṣāpaṇa* than an uncertain *niṣka*," and, "Better is a pigeon today than a peacock tomorrow" (both from the *Kāmasūtra*; see Jacob, i. 32; Konow, 206).

³ The same name is borne by a garden in the *Ratnāvālī*, ed. Cappeller, in Böhlingk, *Sanskrit-Chrestomathie*, 294, 10. The scene changes here from the colonnade to the garden.

⁴ The fifth (later the seventh) note of the Indian gamut, conventionally believed to be produced by the koel.

⁵ Repeated in *Bālarāmāyaṇa*, v. 39.

KING. Ah, the beginning of spring ! Verily this itself is the assemblage of Love's troopers !

VIDŪŚAKA. "The 'beginning of spring," they say, "hath its infant nature sung by poets' words, its tiny expanse shown in gardens of delight;" but isn't this a beginning of spring with vast expanse, where the grounds of the pleasure-park bloom from the sprinkling of unfailing canals ?

(22) [23] KING. And then,

How like to pearls new-won the jasmine gleams,
While scarlet as the lips of Bālkhī dames¹
The great aśoka² flaunts its loveliness ;
Unto the glowing blossoms of the teak
The bees give semblance of a double stem,
And now, all flashing with its crimson flame,
The trumpet-flower blooms to greet the spring.

(*Having reflected*)

Oh, radiant maiden-vision of my dreams,
Oh, spring's sweet advent with thy breezes soft—
E'en as a draught of honey and of milk
Ye twain now blend in harmony divine.

(23) (*They walk about*)

VIDŪŚAKA. Though the flowers of the white sinduvāra³ are pale as rice-pudding and white gourd-melons ; though the aśoka-buds are reddened in due season ; though the enchanting mādhavī-flowers⁴ have turned [24] gray and surpass the madder ; my roving gaze leaves all these many flowers, and clings to the jasmines, like the scum of whey, and to the blossoms of the jasmine delightful as slightly stirred milk.

¹ See Schmidt, 316, 323, 329, 537-538 ; Apte, 50, identifies Bālhī with the Punjab rather than with Balkh.

² *Jonesia asoka*, Roxb., a tree bearing in spring beautiful red blossoms, conventionally supposed to bloom when touched by a maiden's foot (Balfour, i. 185).

³ *Vitex negundo*, Linn., a small tree bearing a beautiful bluish purple flower (Roxburgh, 481-482).

⁴ *Gærtnera racemosa*, Roxb., a creeper bearing fragrant white flowers. Compare with this description the vidūśaka's stanza in *Karpūramañjarī*, i. 19.

KING. Now your tongue gabbles its pet simile.¹

VIDŪṢAKA (*pointing before him*). This pleasure-park is the stage of the creeper-actresses, the race-course of the steed which is the breeze of Malaya,² the hunting forest of Love the hunter, the (24) place of rendezvous of all the flowers, the rain of nectar on the heart. So look at it, old chap, and run along !

[25] KING (*gesticulating the touch of the wind*).

How gently blow the Deccan breezes now,
The witnesses of Love's surpassing might,
Stealing the pañcama from koels' throats,
And joying damsels swinging 'neath the trees,
Cutting the thread of maids' fierce jealousy,
And through the threefold world teaching the art
Of passion's madness and its ecstasy.

And furthermore,

The breeze of Malaya, in deepest joy
That serpent-dames,³ all worn with languorousness,
Quaff its rich fragrance, doth grow thick and sweet
With sighs of maidens 'reft of them they love.

[26] VIDŪṢAKA. Even so,

In revel mood the breezes of the spring
Now steal the hearts of Mahārāṣṭrī⁴ maids
And toss the garlands at great Lañkā's⁵ doors,
Stilling the pride of dames of Siṃhala ;⁶
(25) The vernal air doth teach Dravidian girls
To weave their footsteps in the dance of Love ;
Karnāṭa's⁶ daughters yield their tresses dark

¹ The vidūṣaka in the Sanskrit drama is invariably hungry and talking of his next meal.

² "The southern portion of the Western Ghats running from the south of Mysore, and forming the eastern boundary of Travancore" (Apte, 48).

³ The dames of the semi-divine race of Nāgas, or serpent-folk.

⁴ A district of ancient India roughly corresponding to the modern Marathi country (or even to the entire Deccan [Apte, 49]).

⁵ Ceylon.

⁶ The "Karnatik," a district roughly corresponding to the plateau of south-central India (Lassen, i.² 206-207; comp. Dey, *Geographical Dictionary of Ancient and Medieval India*, 37).

Unto its touch, and Lāṭa's damsels know
The tender charm of Kāma's wantonness.¹

BOTH.

In spring's glad hour swarms of happy bees,
Their bodies golden with rich treasure trove,
And softly humming as they wing their flight,
[27] Swift hasten where th' Arabian jasmine gleams,
Girt round with flowers breathing perfume sweet.²

KING (*smiling faintly*). You chatter in Sanskrit, too, old fellow !

VIDUṢAKA. You yourself have taken the Prākṛit path, suitable for folk like me.³ Come now, let's go see the pleasure-mount with the crystal pavilion the great minister built. (*They walk about*)⁴ Where do I hear that delightful sound of the call of herons ?

(26) [28] KING (*listening and looking upward, following it*).

Ah, gaze upon the summit of yon wall,
And tell me, if thou canst, what is that moon⁵
That circleth in a region not of sky
And knoweth no gazelle, yet whereunto
Cakoras of the pleasure-grove draw nigh
With nectarous radiance drunken, while it sheds
Pellucid light that ripens the lavalī.⁶

VIDUṢAKA. Oh, ho, old fellow, where's all that ?

KING. There, there. (*Looking with astonishment*) How is it I don't see it again ? (*Reflecting*)

In golden girdles jewels are tinkling low,
And for the honey sweet of maiden sighs

¹Comp. *Karpūramāñjarī*, i. 17.

²In this stanza the vidūṣaka speaks in Sanskrit, instead of the Prākṛit in which his speeches are conventionally composed.

³Apparently alluding to occasions on which the king had conversed with the vidūṣaka in Prākṛit.

⁴The scene changes from the garden to the path leading to the pavilion.

⁵Of course an allusion to the name *Mrgāṅkāvalī*. The moon is frequently supposed to contain a gazelle, whence it is often called *mrgāṅka*.

⁶*Averrhoa acida*, Linn., a small tree which flowers about the beginning of the hot season, and bears small reddish blossoms (Roxburgh, 684-685).

Bees wing their way unto this happy grove,

- [29] While songs arise in stammering melody—
And all doth tell that some fair girl, whose face
Outrivalet the moon, throbs with delight
As through the air the swing doth rise and fall.¹

(27) VIDŪṢAKA. Of course you know that, because you see the tops of the poles of the swing from here.

KING (*looking again*). Good friend, there is that marvellous moon !

VIDŪṢAKA. Does the moon play hide-and-seek with us ?

KING (*looking sharply*). Oh, friend ! blessed art thou who with lovely beauty dost seem like to the lotus-face of her whom I did see in sleep !

- [30] VIDŪṢAKA. What's she like ?

KING. Like to stalks of reeds all ripely white !

VIDŪṢAKA. She's right on the lips of young elephants!²
(*After reflection*) Evidently she has gone away, for the sound of the swing has ceased. So come, (28) let's get along. (*They walk about*)³ This is the pleasure-mount. Enter then. (*They do so*)

KING. This is the great hill, delightfully white like masses of cuttle-fish bone.

VIDŪṢAKA. Just let your eyes rest upon the works on the pictured walls of the inner chamber of beauteous [31] crystal. Now here the king is portrayed, intent on dicing with the queen. Here is Nāgavallī, the bearer of the betel-box. Here is Prabhāṅjanikā, who waves the chowry. Here is the dwarf, Nagara-kaṇṭhaka. And this is Tapparakarṇa, the stable-monkey.

- (29) KING. Old chap, you are painted here yourself !

VIDŪṢAKA (*angrily*). I wasn't meant to be painted here. My wife knows what I am ; she says to me : "Manifestly thou art a god."

KING. What does the parrot in the garden say ?

¹ Comp. the far more elaborate description of Caṇḍapāla watching Karpūramāñjarī in her swing in the second act of the *Karpūramāñjarī*. Again an allusion to the heroine's name.

² Apparently a slang phrase approximately equivalent to our "She's a peach."

³ The scene changes from the path to the pavilion overlooking the courtyard of the zenana.

VIDŪṢAKA. What's that ?

KING. Thou art a god ; what's Bhṛṅgarīti ?¹

[32] VIDŪṢAKA. Who listens to scoundrel's talk ? (*Pointing with his finger*) Here again is limned a maid whose like hath ne'er been seen, well-nigh surpassing Dēvī² with her wondrous beauty !

KING. Is she unprecedented in our sight and not in that of the Limbless God ?³ (*Looking intently*) Surely this is the digit of the moon in the ocean of our heart ! Ah, her beauty's wealth !

Hér eyes more lovely than the lotus blue,
Her face the midnight moon for radiance,
Her crescent brows curving as Kāma's bow,
(30) All grace incarnate in her tender form,
And beauty's lines on body and on lip—
Could Love himself limn all her dainty charm,
Past master of his art in sooth were he.

[33] VIDŪṢAKA (*aside*). Can she be in the retinue of the queen ? (*Reflectively*) Ah, ha ! The queen is very fond of repeatedly dressing Mṛgāṅkavarman,⁴ who has come as a hostage and is her own maternal uncle's son, in woman's clothes ! She was seen, I fancy, and painted in the picture by artists who did not know the truth. But I'm not telling that ! Now I'll surprise the old boy ! (*Aloud*) Let me congratulate you, this is indeed a girl, it's proved by her clothes !

(31) KING. Exactly as you say, old chap !

Her garments' guise proves she is still unwed,
For here is she portrayed with bodice blue,
While matrons' raiment bears the knotted zone.⁵

¹ Name of a follower of Śiva. The implication is that the vidūṣaka, whom the parrot describes correctly, even if his own wife will not, is really no more a god (a Brahman being *ipso facto* a *deva*) than is the deformed demon attendant of Śiva. Comp. also *Karpūramañjarī*, iv. 4-10.

² An epithet of the wife of the god Śiva.

³ Kāma, who was destroyed by the fire from Śiva's eye.

⁴ Really Mṛgāṅkāvalī in disguise.

⁵ Comp. the knot tied in the *sāri*, or shawl, during the wedding-ceremony, Jackson, JAOS. xxii. 327 ; Winternitz, *Das altindische Hochzeitsrituell* (*Denkschriften der kaiserlichen Wiener Akademie der Wissenschaften*, xl. 1). 64. The Parsis have a similar custom (Modi, *Marriage Customs among the Parsees*, 30, 39-40 ; Karaka, *History of the Parsis*, i. 179).

[34] (*Reflecting*)

What wondrous beauty in the artist dwells !
In sooth this picture is her other self,
For well I know it is a maiden's work,
Delineating all with one soft touch.

(*Looking closely*)

It's clear, therefore, that she who here surpasses the god of the dolphin banner¹ is some maid who painted her own picture.

VIDUŚAKA. Right you are, for there's a saying in the (32) assembly of the gravest men : " As is the painter, so is the form of the painting outlined ; as is the poet, so is the shading of the poem composed."²

[35] KING. True enough ! qualities go according to form. And furthermore, my dear Cārāyaṇa,

With lines that slowly change from light to dark³
Life-size she seems, although in miniature,
So dainty is the shading of her limbs,
Drawn by a hand of gentle innocence
Whose skill depicteth all her inmost soul.

VIDUŚAKA. Why, here's queen Madanavatī portrayed with all her retinue !

KING. Let us now render homage to this jewel of beauty !

VIDUŚAKA. Here she is herself.

KING (*aside*). Single is the eye—she is in many a place !
(*To the VIDUŚAKA*) Where is she ?

VIDUŚAKA. Here, here !⁴

(33) [36] KING (*looking anxiously*).

Full sure this fawn-eyed maid, whose radiance
Hath known no equal since the world began,

¹ Kāma, the god of love.

² "By their fruits ye shall know them." Comp. the Marathi proverbs, "As the country, so the dress," and, "A tree is judged by its fruit" (Manwaring, Nos. 504, 1238).

³ Arte notes : "The author seems to have had a knowledge of perspective ;" but the words may refer rather to shading.

⁴ The vidūśaka evidently finds another picture of the heroine (comp. *citre* in the sixth stanza following), although Wilson, *Theatre of the Hindus*, ii. 356, followed by Lévi, 245, and Konow, 185, allows for only a single portrait.

Was formed by him whose hand divine creates
The lotus blue, the moon, the plantain tall.

VIDŪṢAKA (*perceiving a statue on a pillar*). This is she indeed !

KING. This is indeed the moon for the cakora of mine eye !
(*Looking eagerly*)

All fair and creamy pale her slender limbs,
Her eyes long as the leaves of ketakas,¹
Her rounded throat shell-like for radiance,
Great Kāma's weapon is this wondrous maid.

[37] (*Reflectively*)

None other shared with me in this my dream,
Nor could mere fancy limn such loveliness ;
(34) Those eyes, surpassing far the lotus blue,
Must live in sooth, and their similitude
Be given here in all their trancing charm.

(*Having looked*) Come now, let the dream-necklace be deposited in a fitting place once more ; be it laid even at the base of her neck under the guise of a statue ! let a mass of young blossoms adorn the young jasmine twigs !² (*He hangs the necklace around the neck of the statue*)

VIDŪṢAKA. This is the very place where she went [38] into the picture ! (*Joyfully*) I was deceived by the garlands of Mṛgāṅka's mighty reflection, but this is the moon incarnate³ on its day of full !

KING. Where is she now, that ambrosial unguent of our eyes?

VIDŪṢAKA. Here, here ! With her sidelong glances, white as fragments of the moon, and with the luster of her eyes she illumineth the quarters of the sky ! With the gestures of her hand she brighteneth the aśoka's blossoms, and with the quick-

¹ *Pandanus odoratissimus*, Linn., a tree with leaves "drooping, from three to five feet long, tapering to a very long, fine, triangular point, very smooth, and glossy, margins and back armed with very fine sharp spines" (Roxburgh, 707).

² In other words, let the statue have the adornment needed to make it perfect.

³ An allusion to the name of the heroine.

ness of her steps she confuseth the swarms of bees that take her feet for lotuses !

(35) KING. The dream has actually come to pass as you prophesied ! (*Looking*) She is indeed a means to restore life to him whose banner is a dolphin,¹ and a remedy to free my heart from care.

(*After reflection*)

Her brows adance with sweet vivacity,
Her eyes aglow with tender, wanton charm,
Her breast soft-rounded in its loveliness,
[39] Her waist most slender, and her hips most firm—
Each part an earnest of some bliss to come,
Bestowed by youth, great Kāma's wondrous friend.

(36) VIDUṢAKA. What's she doing there with tremulous slender brows and upraised fingers of her lotus-hand ?

KING.

Full sure to poesy her thought now tends,
Since trembling are her slender brows so fair
And each dear tiny finger is upraised,
The while her eyes are fixed on vacancy,
And parted are the petals of her lips.

[40] VIDUṢAKA. That's pretty straight ! There's a row of half written letters in front of her !

KING (*recites*).

Upon what limb doth tender youth write not ?²

(37) (*After reflection*) Oh, the śikhariṇī meter ! Oh, words full of meaning ! Oh, charming Vāidarbhī³ style ! Oh, unequalled sweetness ! Oh, lucidity without a flaw !

¹ See p. 22, note 3, and p. 23, note 1.

² The first lines of a tetrastich, of which two lines are given in the second act (36), three in the third (53), and the complete stanza in the fourth (60). The meter, as the king's next words imply, is *śikhariṇī*, and the style Vāidarbhī.

³ A style characterized by grace, and admitting all poetic qualities, but avoiding long compounds (Regnaud, *Rhétorique Sanskrite*, 254-255). Apte, 20, sees in this an allusion to the poet's patriotic pride in his native Mahārāṣṭra. It is also noted conspicuously in *Karpūramāñjarī*, i. 1 c, under the name *vacchomī*.

[41] VIDŪṢAKA. Well then, look for the fair charmer at the right time. Let the depths of your eyes drink in the moon on the day of its full ; let the caverns of your ears be filled with oceans of goodly speech ; let Love, the master of the dance, be made to dance himself with hands upraised in joy !

KING (*standing a step nearer, looking in the four directions*). Ah, there is no duality of my beloved ! For lo,

Here stands a beauteous maid, there pictures twain,
And this fair statue wrought with wondrous skill ;
(38) Thus doth her loveliness in fourfold wise
Fill all our hearts with Kāma's darts of fire.

[42] Come then, let us draw near, and delight our ears with goodly words ! Truly, even though thou hold the pearl-oyster in thy hand, it will not easily release its pearls ! (*With these words both walk about*)¹

VIDŪṢAKA (*going ahead, gesticulating the exhibition of fear*). Oh ! get out ! get out ! This has got the devil in it, sure enough ! So I'll beat it mightily with this wooden club, bent like the frowning, curving brow of Devī in her rage ! Now see my manly deeds !

KING. You'll make silk of jasmine flowers then !²

(39) VIDŪṢAKA. Well, what the devil is this ?

KING. Good friend, methinks that on the further side of the crystal wall she stands, and that she can be clearly seen from here because it is transparent. Come then, let us pay court to her behind the pleasure-mount. (*They do so*)³

VIDŪṢAKA. She's fled in wild haste, for the queen is dimly seen tracing her footsteps toward her apartments.

KING. Oh, heart, good fortune be with thee ! May we be remembered by thee as thou dost follow after her !

¹ The scene changes from the pavilion to a path running by the courtyard of the zenana.

² Comp. the Marathi proverb, "String cannot be made from stone" (Manwaring, No. 1184) ; the Sanskrit, "Not even by the employment of a thousand different processes can śyāmāka grain be made to germinate as rice" (Jacob, ii. 26) ; and the English, "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

³ The scene changes from the path to the courtyard of the zenana.

(In the wings)

Victory, victory, oh Lord of Trilīṅga.¹ May the midday season be for weal unto thy majesty ! Since now

For lotus-leaves to shield him from the sun
The elephant holds high his flapping ears,
And longing for a holm of tender grass
The peacock hides his head beneath his plumes ;
In hunger vain for lotus-fibers soft
The boar doth lick his tusks, while buffaloes
Yearn for the mire that their own shadows dark
Now counterfeit in burning noontide's glare.

(40) [44] And furthermore,

Now on the banks of pools in pleasure-groves
The waves rise high for hips of fawn-eyed dames
That bathe them there, anon to sink again,
Soft murmuring, in navels cavernous.

VIDUṢAKA. Come, let's go to the queen's apartment, offer up our midday prayer, and get more news of her !

(Exeunt omnes)

END OF ACT I.

(41) [45]

ACT II.

*(Enter two MAID-SERVANTS, meeting each other ; they walk about)*²

FIRST MAID-SERVANT *(seizing the other by the skirt)*. Why, Taraṅgikā, you look as though the king's words had gotten into your heart, you're so rattled now and won't speak to me, even when I'm face to face with you !³

SECOND MAID-SERVANT *(embracing her)*. Dear Kuraṅgikā, don't be angry ! Gāurī⁴ curse me if I saw you ! My thoughts were on something else !

¹ A region of ancient India roughly corresponding to the modern Haidarabad (Lassen, 214-216 ; comp. also Apte, 46 ; Dey, 93 ; Balfour, iii. 840).

² The scene is indefinite. perhaps a part of the royal gardens.

³ For a similar situation, comp. the opening of the first act of the *Mālavikāgnimitra*, and of the second of the *Ratnāvalī*.

⁴ A name of the wife of Śiva. Comp. Quintilla's oath, "Iunonem meam iratam habeam" (Petronius, *Satiræ*, 25).

KURAÑGIKĀ. Ah ! ha ! what are these thoughts of yours
“on something else”?

(42) TARAÑGIKĀ. They're such that I'm all in a tremble, even
speaking to you !

[46] KURAÑGIKĀ. My heart is one with yours, and I'm *so*
anxious ! It's interest that makes me ask !

TARAÑGIKĀ. Whatever happens, I won't hide things ! Love
don't stick to rights and wrongs.

KURAÑGIKĀ. That's the very thing that makes me hesitate !
What were the koel's spouse if her love for the mango-twigg
were blunted ?¹

TARAÑGIKĀ. Still, there's a true saying : “The keeping of
the spell is the earnest of success.”

(43) KURAÑGIKĀ. Don't speak so to me ! How can you get
the gold from the chameleon's brow while it's alive ?²

[47] TARAÑGIKĀ. Well then, listen, dear ! There's a king of
Kuntala³ named Caṇḍamahāsena. He lost his kingdom and
came here, and has a daughter named Kuvalayamālā. The king
saw her as she came from bathing in the Narmadā, and she
entered his heart. And the queen received her on account of
Mrgāṅkavarman, the son of Candravarman, her maternal uncle.
So now I've been sent to make arrangements for the marriage.
That's what I was so intent on that I didn't see you !

(44) KURAÑGIKĀ. My, but the queen's smart ! This is her
trick to get rid of the chances of a rival wife, and play the
devoted to her maternal uncle, Candravarman.

[48] TARAÑGIKĀ. But where are you going ?

KURAÑGIKĀ. The queen's going to fool Cārāyaṇa, Esq., with
a mock marriage today, and I'm sent to make preparations for
the wedding. Come, then, let's both go to give our plans
success.

(*Exeunt omnes*)

(*End of the connecting-scene*)

¹ Comp. *Ind. Spr.* 2808, 6987, 7415.

² I'll keep the secret as long as I live. For the geological conceit,
comp. the English superstition of the toadstone (*Century Dictionary*,
6361).

³ A district of ancient India corresponding roughly to the modern
districts of North Kanara, Belgaum, and Bellary in southern Bombay,
Haidarabad, northwestern Madras, and part of Mysore (Lanman, 213).
The heroine Karpūramāñjarī likewise was a daughter of Vallabharāja,
king of Kuntala (*Karpūramāñjarī*, i. 34, 8-20).

(45) (*Enter the KING in anxiety, characteristically adorned, and the VIDŪŚAKA*)

KING (*gesticulating the emotion of love*).

- [49] Yea, dead the Lord of Love by Śiva slain,
Yet Brahm another Kāma now creates
Of darts unperishing, and by his shafts
That, deep-sunk, bristle o'er my wasted frame
My body seemeth a kadamba-bud.¹

(*gesticulating distress*)

If that the silvern moon should melt away
And change to oceans of ambrosia sweet;
Or could the blemish on its radiant orb
Become a lotus filling all the sky;
Then might I lave me in some cooling stream,
And cease to know the pain Love's arrows bear.²

[50] And, moreover, my dear Cārāyaṇa :

- (46) His flower-darts great Kāma gently lays.
Upon a bow of breezes soft and low ;
Or how could these deep sighs, that shake my robe,
And long as strings of pearls, flow from my lips ?

So show the way to Tuṣārapuñja, the kadālī-³bower that's covered over with expanded atimuktaka-⁴creepers. (VIDŪŚAKA shows it with a gesture)⁵

KING. Why this unwonted seal of silence ?

[51] (VIDŪŚAKA writes characters on the ground)

KING. I know eighteen alphabets,⁶ but I can't read your writing.

¹ *Nauclea cadamba*, Roxb., bearing beautiful orange flowers with large projecting white clubbed stigmas, thus answering to the allusion in the stanza (Roxburgh, 172 ; Balfour, ii. 1068).

² *Ind. Spr.* 6184.

³ *Musa sapientum*, Roxb., the plantain, a tree about twelve feet in height, with smooth, vivid green leaves, six feet long by two wide, large purple flowers, and bearing from 150 to 180 plantains (Balfour, ii. 1015).

⁴ A plant of uncertain identification ; probably another name for *mādhavī*, or *Gaertnera racemosa*, Roxb.

⁵ The scene changes to the vicinity of the kadālī-bower.

⁶ Comp. the eighteen alphabets given in Jain writings (Bühler, *Indische Palæographie*, 1-2 ; Weber, in *Indische Studien*, xvi. 280, 399, translated by Smyth, 28, 76-77).

VIDUŠAKA (*stopping his tongue with his teeth*). Sire, I am engaged in a religious ceremony ; I am silent.

(47) KING. How's that ?

VIDUŠAKA. The queen will have me marry at once.

KING. Oh, that old Brahmanee ?

VIDUŠAKA. No, no !

KING. Well, who else ?

VIDUŠAKA. Why, she's the daughter of the family priest of the hostage Mṛgāṅkavarman.

KING. What's the priest's name ?

VIDUŠAKA. He's called Śaśaśṛṅga, the mother is termed [52] Mrgatrṣṇikā, and the future wife, her daughter, is named Ambaramālā.¹

KING (*aside*). I fancy the queen wants to make a fool of him, so I'll keep mum ! Let the vine of mockery grow !²

(*Enter a MAID-SERVANT*)

(48) MAID-SERVANT (*walking around and looking in front of her*). Why here's the king and the Brahman, Cārāyaṇa, near the Tuṣārapuñja, which was built for festivities ; so I'll let them know what the queen wants. (*Approaching*) Victory, victory, sire ! The queen announces that Cārāyaṇa is to make a second marriage, and you must be best man.³ His first wife has prepared the plantain-bower, so let the king enter ! The queen is there with her retinue. (*She gesticulates entrance*)

[53] (*Enter the QUEEN, a SERVANT in the dress of a woman, and a retinue in order of rank*)

QUEEN. Dear Mekhalā, inspect the son-in-law's face.

¹ 'Garland-of-Air' is a worthy daughter of 'Hare's-Horn' and his wife 'Mirage.'

² Comp. the trick played on the vidūṣaka in the third act of the *Nāgānanda*, where his face is painted with *tamāla*-juice, and his anger at the maid-servant when he discovers the joke.

³ Literally, 'wooer(s)' (*varaṭṭakeḥim*) to win the bride for the groom (Schmidt, 657 ; Hillebrandt, *Ritual-Litteratur*, 46 ; Haas, in *Indische Studien*, v. 291-292, 380 ; Weber, *ib.* 181 ; Winternitz, 21, 40). Such disguises are rare in the Sanskrit drama. Comp., however, the trick by which Makaranda deceives Nandana and saves Mālātī from wedding him (*Mālātīmādhava*, vi. end). For parallels in the Sanskrit novel, see Gray, WZKM., xviii. 45-46.

MEKHALĀ (*doing so and smelling of his head*).¹ Honored Cārāyaṇa, doff thou thy mantle red,² gaze ye (49) in each other's eyes! (*The VIDŪŚAKA does so*)

QUEEN. Mekhalā, make him walk the deasil quickly, so that handfuls of spelt may be cast into the blazing fire.³

VIDŪŚAKA (*doing so*). Oh, second Brahmanee, behold the pole-star and the constellation of the Seven Sages!

SERVANT (*looking*). I am he who seeth the pole-star, who seeth the constellation of the Seven Sages.

VIDŪŚAKA. Oh, lovely maid, say : I am *she* who seeth the pole-star, who seeth the constellation of the Seven Sages!

[54] (*The VIDŪŚAKA and the SERVANT say this over and over*).

SERVANT. Worshipful Cārāyaṇa, I am a bastard servant of the queen, and your wife! Nowhere else is it customary (50) for a man to marry a man and a woman a woman.⁴ Ambaramālā is "Garland-of-Air" sure enough!

VIDŪŚAKA (*to MEKHALĀ*). You brat of a slave! you bawd! you gad-about! you *teim-teim-teim-tā*-squacker! you associate of scoundrels, you she-blackguard!⁵ you've fooled me! Look out for yourself!

(*All laugh. The VIDŪŚAKA walks about*)

KING. My queen, Cārāyaṇa has gone toward the bakula-path offended and angry, and I must go too. Now, (51) [55] by

¹ Comp. Modi, 18. A mark of affection (Wilson, ii. 45) still common in India instead of kissing (Balfour, ii. 579).

² Red garments are still worn at Brahman weddings (Jackson, 323); see also Haas, 295.

³ The *lājahoma* (Haas, 318, 341, 358, 372-373; Winternitz, 22, 57-60 [modern parallels, 62]); Schmidt, 675-678. This is properly done after the marriage, on the evening of the first night (Haas, 325, 346, 359, 367, 374; Winternitz, 23, 77-79, including also modern parallels; Schmidt, 683-684).

⁴ Disguises of this type are exceedingly rare on the Sanskrit stage. Perhaps the closest parallel is in the opening of the *Nāgānanda*, where the vidūṣaka clothes himself like a woman to escape the bees, and thus misleads the viṭa, who mistakes him for his love, Nāvamalikā. Comp. also Makaranda's disguise at the end of the sixth act of the *Mālatīmādhava* and that of the spirit in the sixth act of the *Mallikāmāruta* (Lévi, 218). For similar disguises in the novel, see Gray, 45-46; Oertel, JAOS. xxvi. 176-188; 306-313; Torrey, ib., 296-305. Comp. also the story of Hassan of Bassora in the *Arabian Nights* (transl. Payne, vii. 202-209).

⁵ Comp. the vidūṣaka's insults to Vicakṣaṇā in *Karpūramañjarī*, i. 18, 6-8, and i. 20, 28.

magic drugs a conjurer from the Camphor-Isle¹ has made a jasmine bower adorned with clusters of red madder,² and I'm going to see this unprecedented sight and to calm my old friend. You can behold this marvel in the evening.

QUEEN. Kuraṅgikā, you stay with the king while he is with his divinity. (*Exit with her retinue*)

KURAṅGIKĀ (*walking about*). Here is the noble Cārāyaṇa in another jasmine-grove, like a peacock with only its head hidden.³

KING. Bring him here, then.

KURAṅGIKĀ (*approaching a little*). Oh, suitor of Ambaramālā, the king speaks ! (*Catches him by the edge of his mantle*)

VIDUṢAKA. You slave of scoundrels ! you bawd-to-be ! you [56] laugh at me, do you ? Well, I'll beat you right here with a club-stock crooked as your own heart.

(52) KING. Kuraṅgikā, go to the queen ! Cārāyaṇa is angry at her retinue.

(*Exit KURAṅGIKĀ, walking about*)

VIDUṢAKA. The great minister made a quadrangle called Ratnavatī to please you, old chap, but why do you need any at all ? This one here seems to hold the divinity.

KING (*looking, aside*). Oh, heart, happy art thou in seeing before thee her whom thou didst see in sleep. (*Addressing him*) My dear Cārāyaṇa, this is indeed the glory of the monsoon which causes the peacock of my soul to dance. I'll tell you something more, she is no creation of hoary Prajāpati,⁴ for,

[57] Could he who chills the moon and plantain-nodes,
And robs the lotus of its azure hue,⁵

(53) Create the wondrous beauty of this maid ?
The radiant sun sheds not the moonbeams cold.

¹ Karpūradvīpa is also mentioned in *Kathāsaritsāgara*, lvi. 61 *et seq.*, together with Suvarṇa and Sindhala.

² Comp. the similar powers of the magician Śrīkhaṇḍadāsa in the second act of the *Ratnāvalī*. One thinks involuntarily of the twelfth scene of Marlowe's *Tragical History of Doctor Faustus*. For numerous other parallels of a garden suddenly produced by magic arts, see Dunlop, *History of Prose Fiction*, ed. Wilson, ii. 139-140.

³ Comp. the English simile of the ostrich, which thinks itself concealed when its head is hidden.

⁴ The 'lord of creatures,' applied especially to Brahmā as the creator.

⁵ The moon is an allusion to the heroine's face, the plantain-nodes to her thighs, and the lotus to her eyes.

But more than this, I see her youth seems to adorn the position in which she stands, with her mind devoted day and night to thoughts of new adornment.

The heavy parted locks, the tresses long,
All beauteously arrayed, the teeth of pearl,
The knots upon rich robes full featly tied,
The dancing brows and sidelong glances soft,
With artful words where twofold meanings lie—
Such be the signs of dawning womanhood
As girlhood fades ; but what strange sport is this !¹

(54) [58] VIDŪṢAKA (*noting his expression, with a covert smile*). Come along, let's go to the queen !

KING. My dear fellow, let's watch awhile !

VIDŪṢAKA. Why do you stay first in one place and then in another, like a strong but lazy bull ? You can grow fast there like a guḍūcī-stalk.² I'm going to see the queen.

KING. Everything's possible with you ; don't the spring grow flowers ?

[59] VIDŪṢAKA (*smiling and looking before him*). Oh, she's busy jumping and skipping.

(55) KING (*smiling*). She's playing ball, for thus,

In wondrous wise this maid of brows most fair
Doth joy my heart e'en as she plays at ball,
Her jeweled anklets tinkling clear and shrill,
Her lustrous necklace fallen to her zone
That chimeth gently 'neath the pearls' soft stroke,
While trembling bracelets add their music sweet.

VIDŪṢAKA. Right you are—

Her garments shaken with her glancing steps,
Vicakilas and mallikās³ adance
In garlands sweet upon her tossing locks ;

¹ Repeated in *Bālarāmāyaṇa*, iii. 23.

² *Cocculus cordifolius*, D.C., a plant with a large spongy root (Balfour, i. 756).

³ Two terms for the *Jasminum zambac*, Roxb., or Arabian jasmine, a twining plant which bears large fragrant white flowers, which bloom chiefly in the rainy season (Balfour, ii. 420). The two words seem to denote the two varieties of the plant, one bearing single flowers and the other double (Roxburgh, 30).

- (56) [60] With tinkling bracelets and with zone-bells clear—
 Full beauteous is the dancing of this maid
 Playing at ball in Love's great theater.

KING.

Each moment doth her beauty charm me more,
 Tossing the tiny ball with measured stroke,
 While to the token that proclaims her faith¹
 The dew of her exertion lends new charm ;
 All lustrous as the moon is her fair face
 As sweet she lisps the words that count the blows
 She giveth to the disk, whose rise and fall
 In rhythmic beat her fawn-soft gaze doth view.

- (57) Furthermore—(*looking again*) Ah, she is in great activity !

Her mantle's hem, her tossing necklaces,
 And massy tresses circling round her brow,
 All whirling in her sport like maelstroms mad,
 [61] Give to this maid of arching brows and fair
 A triple shelter 'gainst the burning sun.

- (58) (*Looking again*)

How beauteous is this slender maiden's ear,
 Like to the quiver of great Kāma's darts,
 And with a beauteous tālī-leaf² bedecked
 There fallen in her sportful vehemence ;
 Sweet thief of hearts, with saffron radiant,
 And as a reed in that pellucid pool
 Wherein the lotus of her eye doth bloom.

VIDŪṢAKA. Oh, she's stopped playing ball !

KING. She has not only stopped ; she has placed a lotus
 hand upon her palm, and now she gazes at us as though she
 knew us. Lo,

- [62] Within her hand the disk all stained with dust
 Seems as the waning moon beside her face,
 And ruddy are her cheeks with eager play ;
 The while she casts on me a witching glance

¹ The *tilaka*, or sectarian mark.

² *Borassus flabelliformis*, Linn., the Palmyra-palm or toddy-palm,
 with leaves of considerable size (Balfour, i. 414-415).

From the long corners of her billowing eyes,
Like to the tips of leaves of ketakas
Whereon the dark bees dwell delightsomely.

(59) VIDŪṢAKA. Come then, let us approach the maiden fair.
Let Love's dread reservoir be cloven ; let mouthfuls of nectar
be drunk by the sight ; let the hand of Love be upheld ; let the
supremacy of that creature which hath the pañcama-note
increase ;¹ let the host of maid-servants be pained by parting ;
let the peace and war of him whose banner is the dolphin wax ;
the Brahman Cārāyaṇa hath his life in his throat in his great
anxiety.² (*Walking about, the pair gesticulate descending steps*)³
[63] A house of a god without a god, writing without letters,
since she is invisible.⁴

(60) KING. The city of Hariścandra⁵ hath been seen and hath
vanished again.

VIDŪṢAKA. Come, let's look carefully. She's hidden behind
a column somewhere. (*Gazing in the four directions*)

[64] KING (*Staring dejectedly at the ground*).

Oh, ground all golden from her saffron feet,
Dear token of her sportful eagerness !
And yet, most piteous thought ! I see her not !
Ah, is she but a phantom love-create ?

(*Gesticulating distress and looking around*)

Here lies her scarlet crest-jewel on the ground,
And there sweet garlands fallen from her locks ;
Here all the space is covered o'er with pearls
That from her broken necklace strew the earth,
And there a leaf that once adorned her ear.

¹ The koel.

² Similar bombast by the vidūṣaka in *Karpūramañjarī*, iii. 20, 6-11.

³ The scene changes from the vicinity of the kadali-bower to the courtyard of the zenana.

⁴ "Hamlet with Hamlet left out."

⁵ A king of the solar race who was hurled from heaven for his pride. Repenting in mid-air, however, his fall was arrested, and he and his people dwell in an aerial city, which is occasionally visible. Rājaśekhara makes the same allusion in *Karpūramañjarī*, ii. 40, 5. The Sanskrit legend finds analogues in the Arabic tradition of the city of Iram (e. g., *Arabian Nights*, iii. 384-389), the Baltic story of the town of Vineta, and the Breton legend of the city of Is.

(61) [65] VIDŪṢAKA. Why, here's something good as a well-wrought fan ! (*Takes it and proffers it*)¹ What ? letters ? My dear sir, if you're a scholar, read this !

KING (*reads*).

Upon what limb doth tender youth write not ?

Oh, winning wantonness in thy dear eyes !

(*Having reflected*) Old chap, this is a distich, not a tetrastich.

VIDŪṢAKA. How long are we to stand here with knees raised as if lame ? Come now, let's sit down on the verandah !

(*They do so. In the wings*)

All pale her face as ripened tālī-leaves,

While from her eyes soft falls a rain of tears,

And her dear lips exhale tempestuous sighs

Like wave-tossed petals of sweet lotuses.

(62) [66] May Gāurī's awful curse upon me rest

Unless within thy thoughts some lover dwell,

Or, else, oh gentle maid, why dost thou hide

Within the circle of thy playmates fair ?

VIDŪṢAKA (*with a cry of alarm*). Tie up your hair !² I hear a voice of something more than human !

KING. Somebody's speaking on the other side of the wall !

VIDŪṢAKA. Oh, repeat it to me !

[66] KING. Some enamored, shamefaced damsel has her mystery discovered by her friend !

(*In the wings, with a choking voice*)

Friends, why do you imagine falsehood ?

KING. You hear, old pal !

VIDŪṢAKA. He-he ! true enough ! Through their false (63) doubts sages—like monkeys that forget the fruit, and never win the root—grasp only sprouts ; but fools—like owners of groves of bread-fruit trees—follow the root and gain the fruit !

¹ He evidently sees a leaf on the ground, which he hands to the king as a fan, before he notices the writing on it.

² As a protection against the supposed demon, which would gain power over one whose loose hair it should seize (comp. Crooke, *Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India*, i. 107, ii. 66-67). For a similar exhibition of terror on the part of the vidūṣaka at the sound of a voice, comp. the second act of the *Ratnāvalī*.

Listen, then, *I'll* tell you ! They are not talking about an ordinary man ; *you're* the subject of discussion ! Leaving him whose mark is the gazelle,¹ the statuette of the moonstone no longer flows, for its cascade's checked.

[68] KING. Then I fancy this is a ruby in a mineless place.²

(*Again in the wings*)

How cease the tears that from thine eyes fast fall,
Washing away their dark collyrium,
Tears bright as pearls new-rent from quivering shells ?

(64) Oh, maid, with eyes fawn-soft, how cans't thou gaze
Upon thy beauty wan and pale as gold
O'er which the silvern mercury hath spread ?

How cans't thou heave such sighs, like unto jewels
Torn from a necklace sweet of sobbing breath,
And shuddering through the tiny lotus-tips ?

[69] All wasted is thy form beneath thy robes
Wherefrom the zone loose falls, and pale thy limbs
As is the gentle moon by garish day.

Nay, thou hast seen the king ; the tale is told—

(65) The radiant lord of night alone evokes
The white śephālīkā's³ soft loveliness.

VIDUṢAKA. The girl, seen in a dream, swinging in a swing, transformed into a statue pierced and portable, [70] playing at ball, and writing poetry—she it is that charms you, even as you gaze on her !

(*In the wings*)

Well, then, dear Mṛgāṅkāvalī, I must be the messenger in full charge of the matter⁴ at once !

¹ An allusion to the name of Mṛgāṅkāvalī. On the moonstone, which is conventionally supposed to deliquesce under the rays of the moon, see *Ind. Spr.* 1276, 4169, 4289 ; *Karpūramañjarī*, iv. 18, 36 ; *Uttararāmacerīta*, vi.; and *Mālatīmādhava*, i.

² Comp., for the general idea of extreme improbability, the Sanskrit maxim of a she-mule in foal (Jacob, ii. 5), or "Like a decoration without a wall" (ib., 13).

³ Another name for the *sinduvāra*, or *Vitex negundo*, Linn.

⁴ *ṇisīṭṭhatthāe* (Schmidt, 775).

KING. 'Tis she indeed ! Now Love doth raise on high the five syllables “ Mṛgāṅkāvali ” in my thought.

(*Again in the wings*)

Listen, dear, to these two stanzas that I have written (66) to show thy sentiments, and to read before the mighty king !

(*Having recourse to Sanskrit*)

[71] With sandal-paste the moon she fain would cleanse,
The while she gnaws the petals of her lips ;
And crying, “ Love hath flowery darts in sooth ! ”
She rendeth blossoms fair from parent stems ;
On mighty Kāma, worthy of all laud,
She railleth loud, biting her tender nails ;
Oh, happy king, surely, these tokens show
A beauteous maid distraught for love of thee.

And furthermore,

Fierce passion's flame hath parched the fount of tears
That o'er her cheeks once plowed their furrows deep,
And faint her sighs as wicks the fire hath seared ;
Yea, all her body's pale and wan for grief.
Yet, what avail my words ? Lo, all the night
Forth from the window where thy pathway leads
She gazeth, while her tender hand doth veil
Her face whose luster shames the crescent moon.

(67) [72] VIDŪṢAKA. But I know some Brahman demons¹ have come to the Golden Quadrangle² to deceive us, and they're what's talking. It's near night, too, when the spooks cut up. Let's get out of this !

KING. As you like. (*They both gesticulate descent*)³

(*In the wings*)

In bitter pain when dies the day he loves,
With fervent heat, and rays as madder red,

¹ *Bamharakkhasā*, comp. Manu, xii. 60. The superior power of the Brahman on earth naturally renders him, if malignant, an especially terrible demon (Croke, i. 253, ii. 78-79).

² *Suvaṇṇacaūkkīā*.

³ The scene changes from the courtyard of the zenana to its immediate vicinity..

Slowly the sun descendeth from the sky,
 Greeting with burning kiss the western mount ;
 While o'er the earth darkness doth spread apace,
 Enfolding all in eventide's soft haze.¹

(68) [73] And furthermore,

Attendants swart now draw the tinkling jewels
 From rounded arms, and through the darkness glide
 Hags weaving love's intrigues of peace and war ;
 The hour of wantonness swift draweth nigh,
 While joy's fair daughters seek their couches soft ;
 And all things yield to mighty Kāma's sway,
 What time the sandal-water's fragrance sweet
 Perfumes the floors of lofty palaces—
 Oh, happy eventide, to lovers dear !

KING. Let us go to the queen's apartment to perform the evening sacrifice.

(*Exeunt omnes*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

(*Enter a MAID-SERVANT*)²

MAID-SERVANT (*walking about*). How long it is since I saw dear Vicakṣaṇā ! And my heart is almost bursting with its awful anxiety, like an ivory pestle with moonbeams ! (70) Now, where can I see her ? (*Looking in front of her*) Why, here she comes, muttering something to herself !

(*Enter a SECOND MAID-SERVANT, as described*)

MAID-SERVANT (*aside*). Oh, what incomparable devotion of the great minister to the interests of his lord !

FIRST. Why, she comes when I think of her, like success to the lucky ! I'll stand behind her now, and cover her eyes. (*Does so*)

SECOND. This seems to be the touch of the hands of [75] my dear Sulakṣaṇā. (*Aloud*) Sulakṣaṇā, my love, I know you, so release my eyes.

¹ Repeated in *Pracandapāṇḍava*, i. 22.

² The scene is a hedge near the door of the zenana.

SULAKṢAṆĀ (*freeing her eyes ; with affectionate anger*). Dear (71) VICAKṢAṆĀ, when our love is as great as if bound with a knot of hempen cord sprinkled with water,¹ why do you stand there blindly, like a wag-tail with its crest grown? I'm angry at you !

VICAKṢAṆĀ (*with courtesy*). Dear Sulakṣaṇā, don't be angry ! The bidding of the great minister, Bhāgurāyaṇa, causes the mischief, not I !

SULAKṢAṆĀ (*sneeringly*). Nobody but you understands diplomacy !

[76] VICAKṢAṆĀ. That's just what this is, feminine diplomacy, suited for people like us !

SULAKṢAṆĀ. Well, if you can't see a feminine person on account of your feminine diplomacy, then you can't see anybody like me even with your eyes !

(72) VICAKṢAṆĀ. What's *your* feminine diplomacy ?

SULAKṢAṆĀ. You talk now, and then I'll talk. The mango shoots bud first, and then the koel kisses them and unseals her throat.²

VICAKṢAṆĀ. Well, listen then. Once the great minister, Bhāgurāyaṇa, addressed me courteously, and said : " Vicakṣaṇā, you must assist us in a mystery concerning the king."

[77] SULAKṢAṆĀ. Oh, what a mind you must have, since even the great minister thinks this possible ! " What description of a row of bakula trees is there in the exhalation of the odor of spring?"³ Go on, go on !

(73) VICAKṢAṆĀ. Being a girl of good breeding, I said " I will," and he told me : " This Mṛgāṅkavarman is Mṛgāṅkāvali."

SULAKṢAṆĀ. Go on ! go on !

VICAKṢAṆĀ. " Now, the great king, the noble monarch Vidyādharamalla, sovereign of the world, must marry her. So sometime or other you must make a passage in the wall of his apartment and let him see her, that the king may perceive her in a dream. [78] Haradāsa will tell you the details of what you are to do. In this secret, which involves the future of our

¹ Rājāśekhara uses the same proverb in *Karpūramañjarī*, i. 20, 43.

² Comp. *Karpūramañjarī*, ii. 2.

³ Comp., for the idea of utter tantalization, the Marathi proverbs, " The stomach cannot be filled with the pickings of the teeth," and, " To give a shellfull of medicine to a sick mountain " (Manwaring, 396, 901).

(74) sovereign, you, her dear friend, are asked to help the king's interests. You know there's no climbing to the roof without a pair of stairs." Then in accordance with the plan described by Haradāsa, I said to her confidentially : "Dear Mrgāṅkāvalī, he whose banner is a fish descends in this apartment.¹ And when you see him, you must honor him with a garland of the flowers of pearls drawn from your neck, that you may get a lover like him." She went and did so. Furthermore, he saw her in the swing ; she was made to paint her own picture on the beautiful crystal walls in the chamber of the pleasure-hill, and was made to say and recite this or that through a hole in a column.

[79] SULAKṢAṆĀ. Well, what did the great king get when he saw her with her manifold coqueties ?

(75) VICAKṢAṆĀ. What the wild elephant gets when he's caught by the tricks of the female elephant kept for sport.² Now, on beautiful moonlight nights, clear as the rows of teeth of dark Dravidian dames polished with tender betel husks, he talks indistinct stuff, such as this : (*Resorting to Sanskrit*)

Oh, bring ye black and inky darkness vast,
[80] With magic spells steal ye away the smile
That decks the lotus white, and on chill stone
Grind ye the moon to powder bit by bit,
That from the zenith of the midnight sky
The face of her I love may shine on me.³

(76) SULAKṢAṆĀ. But what's *her* state of mind ?

VICAKṢAṆĀ (*resorting to Sanskrit*).

Her palace she doth hate, and shuns the grove,
Fearing the gentle radiance of the moon,
And shrinking from the doors of pleasure's hall ;
While for the fever that doth parch and burn
She deemeth raiment as dire venom's pain,

¹ Kāma. The similar idea of a woman beloved by a man who pretends to be immortal is a common one in literature from the time of Josephus and pseudo-Callisthenes to Boccaccio (comp. Dunlop, ii. 93-94).

² Comp. the English proverb, "He got what Paddy gave the drum." See also Oertel, JAOS. xxvi. 313-314.

³ The fault of this stanza, which I have endeavored to reproduce by using "black" as a noun, is according to the commentator, *nyūna*, or ellipsis (see Regnaud, 162-163).

Nor can do aught but toss upon her couch
 All spread with lotuses, and think of him
 Whom dreams depict in tender phantasy.¹

[81] But tell me now what this feminine diplomacy is !

(77) SULAKṢAṆĀ. Hear what it is. The great king once whispered confidentially in my ear : “ You must not tell the queen this secret.”

VICAKṢAṆĀ. What is it ?

SULAKṢAṆĀ. This—Cārāyaṇa, out of humor at the mock marriage, wishes to fool the queen’s foster-sister. So you must climb a kesara tree² in the twilight at the close of day, and say with a nasal twang³ to Mekhalā, as she walks in the garden : ‘ Mekhalā, thou shalt die on the evening of the full moon in Vāisākha.’ ”⁴ Well, I said that to her.

(78) [82] VICAKṢAṆĀ. Go on ! go on !

SULAKṢAṆĀ. Then, her limbs trembling with awful fright, she managed to turn in my direction, fold her hands tightly, and say : “ Oh, mighty, disembodied voice divine, have pity on me, and as thou dost know my death, know thou my life ! ”

VICAKṢAṆĀ. Go on ! go on !

SULAKṢAṆĀ. Then I said to her in the same way : “ If thou dost honor with deep homage a Brahman learned in the Gāndh-arvaveda,⁵ fall at his feet, and pass between his legs ; thou shalt receive thy life.”

(79) [83] VICAKṢAṆĀ. My, but you’re smart ! Even sages say the means of purification lies through a Brahman’s feet.⁶

SULAKṢAṆĀ (*after reflection*). The artfulness of the Brahman’s deceitful play !

VICAKṢAṆĀ. Go on ! go on !

SULAKṢAṆĀ. Now, the queen heard this, and told it in these very words to the king in my presence, while she repeatedly wiped the eyes of the tearful Mekhalā. And the king, calming

¹ Repeated in *Bālarāmāyaṇa*, v. 8.

² Probably the *Mesua ferrea*, Roxb., or iron-wood, with a straight and slender trunk, bearing large fragrant white flowers at the beginning of the warm season (Roxburgh, 437).

³ An infallible test of a *bhūt* (Crooke, 237-238).

⁴ April-May.

⁵ See Weber, *Indische Literaturgeschichte*², 291.

⁶ Comp. *Ind. Spr.* 4508.

the queen's distress and carrying out Cārāyaṇa's scheme, said to her : " Don't be distressed, (80) sweetheart ! A Brahman skilled in the Gāndharvaveda is absolute indeed ! Why, then, is that bimba-lip¹ suffused with tears ?" Thus he consoled the queen, and she, [84] declaring : " This is the day of the full moon," sent me to prepare the ceremony of worship.

VICAKṢAṆĀ. Come, then ; let us execute our commands !

(*Exeunt*)

(*End of the connecting-scene*)

(*Then enter the KING, purified by bathing, and in extreme anxiety, and the VIDŪṢAKA*)

KING (*gesticulating meditation*).

Well I remember how she gazed at me,
On tip-toe standing, clinging to the arms
Of youthful comrades, and her bosom soft
Rounding the more as she raised high her head,
While round her waist the trembling furrows ran.

[85] VIDŪṢAKA. Don't interrupt my meditation ! I must (81) preserve Mekhalā's life in the presence of the queen ! (*Aside*) Oh, you slave of scoundrels ! in his bitter anger, the Brahman Cārāyaṇa will fall upon you ! (KING, *hearing this speech, repeats the same words*) Don't think of her all the time ! As a matter of fact, she's a distressful fiend !

KING. How can she cause distress ? Then the soft notes of the sweet pañcama defile your ears ; the face of the moon burns your eyes while it drips ambrosia ; a stream of sandal-essence parches your frame !

VIDŪṢAKA. Oh, I was joking. You find the quintessence everywhere—the swan gets milk from water !² What's the use [86] of talking ? You forget the queen as a sluggard forgets learning.

(82) KING. How can I forget the queen whom I have loved since childhood ? Moreover,

The love that once my queen alone possessed
What time she triumphed over all her sex,

¹ *Momordica monadelpha*, Roxb., a plant bearing a smooth berry about two inches long, and red when ripe (Roxburgh, 696).

² See Lanman, JAOS. xix. 151-158.

Now by great Kāma's might is rent in twain
That in its wealth this tender maid may share.

VIDUṢAKA. So your mind swings in a dooly, as it were, and gets no rest for going and coming ?¹

KING. That's just it, old chap, for,

Thou shalt not crush the fragrant jasmine-wreath
Nor bar the way of gentle Love's approach ;
But thou shalt keep the garland sacred still
[87] E'en though it fade and wither on thy brow.
So must I guard my queen's devotion still.²

VIDUṢAKA. What's the use of working off these polite (83) speeches ? A new shoot don't come out without removing an old leaf,³ and the musk-deer that likes to circle round the sprigs of the tender rose-bay, takes no delight in a wormwood meadow !⁴

KING. You're a lawless talker, old chap. You suspect what mustn't be suspected.

VIDUṢAKA. What's the good of my worrying about [88] anybody else's affairs ? I *beg* you not to interrupt my meditations ! I must bring Mekhalā to life in the presence of the queen.

(*Then enter the QUEEN and MEKHALĀ, self-subdued, and the RETINUE in order*)

QUEEN. Mekhalā, my noble lord and the Brahman Cārāyaṇa are close at hand in the hedge at the door of the zenana.

SULAKṢAṆĀ. Has your majesty any further commands ?

(84) VIDUṢAKA. Approximate the hedge, old chap ! (*They both do so*)

QUEEN (*approaching*). Victory, victory to my lord ! Noble Cārāyaṇa, grant the request I make for my foster-sister ! Vouch-safe life to Mekhalā !

¹ Comp. the end of the first act of the *Nāgānanda*.

² Comp. the consideration of Purūravas for his Queen Āusinārī, despite his affection for Urvaśī, at the close of the second act of *Vikramorvaśī*.

³ Comp. the English proverb, "You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs," and the Marathi saying, "The butter cannot be got out [of the leathern bottle in which it is kept] without bending the finger" (Manwaring, No. 450).

⁴ Comp. *Karpūramañjarī*, iii. 20, 3.

VIDUṢAKA. Here stand I ready !

[89] MEKHALĀ (*with hands folded in entreaty*). Noble Cārāyana, this creature here doth fly for refuge unto thee, a mighty Brahman ! (*With these words she puts both his feet on her head*)
(*In the wing*)

Where, where is that slave of scoundrels ? Here we servants of Death are come to bear Mekhalā away, her neck enfettered fast ! (85) VIDUṢAKA (*chanting fantastically, raising his staff*). If I, the husband of Piṅgalikā, skilled in the Gāndhārvaveda, stand as a protector, then what is Death, what are the servants of Death, or what are the fetters of Death ? (*So saying, he prances about fantastically*)

MEKHALĀ (*going between his feet*). Oh save me !

VIDUṢAKA (*chanting in a loud voice, wrapping her round*). Oh, mighty king, behold, behold your old chum mounted on Love's chariot in this woman ! (*Rather loudly*) Oh, see ye, see ye my Brahmanhood, whereby the servants of Death are destroyed with their rascally rascalized fetters !

[90] MEKHALĀ. Oh, I am alive !

VIDUṢAKA (*laughing loudly*). You brat of a slave ! (86) Thus the Brahman, Cārāyana, mocked by a false marriage and in bitter anger, gets his revenge on you ! Well, I *hope* my Brahmanee long may have her marriage-cord unbroken !¹ (MEKHALĀ *weeps in chagrin*)

QUEEN. It's a noble thing, your majesty, isn't it, to play such a trick on my dear Mekhalā ?

VIDUṢAKA. It's a noble thing in *your* majesty, isn't it, to play such a trick on the great king's old chum ?

[91] QUEEN. She played a trick with you, thinking you were a relative of my lord's.

(87) VIDUṢAKA. I played the trick, thinking she was a relative too !

MEKHALĀ. The queen *could* answer ! But let him have his way ! The great king is his lord ! There's a different smell to the catechu when it stands among ketaka-flowers !²

¹ I hope the queen won't kill me in her anger at the trick, and thus make my wife a widow.

² "Circumstances alter cases." Comp. the Marathi proverbs, "The castor-oil plant gets water when the sugar-cane does," and, "In a great house even the dog is respected" (Manwaring, Nos. 8, 164).

(*Exit the QUEEN, with a gesticulation of anger, together with her RETINUE*)

VIDŪṢAKA (*looking toward him*). There are no flies to buzz around you now, old chap !¹

KING. The queen is extremely vexed; she went away crying!

VIDŪṢAKA. Let her cry, let her cry! Will her pearls [92] fall?² Come along, come along! let's go to the garden, old chap! (*They walk about*)³ Come, tuck your fist (88) in mine, and trot along! But walk softly, for the thick darkness, as if formed by many swarms of bees, as if created by flocks of koels, as if produced by masses of collyrium purified with oil, as if made of the pollen of blue lotuses, as if united with the throat of him whose gorge is black,⁴ as if come from the body of Nārāyaṇa,⁵ as if come from the blemish on the moon, as if wrought of petals of blue lotuses, as if issued from the ichor of elephants, makes the court of earth's womb know no distinction of even and uneven, no difference betwixt black and white, no discrimination between short and long, no delimitation of far from near.

[93] KING. Even so,

Fast clinging fall the footsteps of the sky
O'er all the darkening earth, and eventide,
With mist and darkness that thy hand might grasp,
Makes heaven's vault no higher than thy brow.

(89) Furthermore, methinks,

Lo, now, enrobed in dusky hues of night
With peacock-plumes adorning tiny ears,
And smaragd bracelets twining round their arms,
Their bosoms all bedecked with sapphires blue,
And musky fragrance resting on their cheeks,
Yea, garlanded with azure lotuses,
And clad in garments black as midnight's hour,
Fair India's daughters seek their lover's arms.

¹ Comp. the middle of the second and sixth acts of the *Śakuntalā*, where the vidūṣaka says to the king: "You have driven off the last fly."

² It will do her no harm.

³ The scene changes from the hedge near the door of the zenana to a part of the royal gardens.

⁴ Śiva.

⁵ Viṣṇu.

[94] (In the wing)

- Oh, beauteous moon, that with thy silvern rays
 Dost stir the milky billows of the sea ;
 (90) Great artists' brush of white to purify
 Thy home that filleth all the threefold world ;
 All radiant as some herb of magic power
 To win to perfect bloom the might of love,
 With sandal-sheen bedecking Kāma's court.

And furthermore,

- Now shines the moon, that joys the heart of man,
 While stars, like pearls upon the brow of night,
 Soft gleam through all the darkening firmament ;
 (91) [95] And cakravākas,¹ whom stern fate doth part,
 O'erwhelmed with anguish sink 'neath Luna's beams,
 As in their hearts the fire of sorrow burns.

(Again in the wing)

- Once gentle to the tender barley awns,
 And fair as petal-tips of ketakas,
 Yea, beauteous as the lotus-fibers soft,
 And changing swift from shining cataracts
 Unto the glory of a zone of stars,
 The moon's soft beams excel staves crystalline.

(92) And furthermore,

- Lo, now in heaven's vault doth rise the moon,
 Illumining the sky with sandal-sheen,
 White as the ivory of the mighty tusk
 Of Indra's elephant,² the while its rays
 [96] Seem pendants unto necklaces of pearls
 Wrought by the stars that fill the azure dome—

¹ *Casarca rutila*, Pallas, the Brahminy duck or ruddy shieldrake, a shy and wary bird, about twenty-nine inches long, with a rufous plumage, brilliant green on the wing-coverts. According to the legend, two lovers were transformed for their indiscretion into Brahminy ducks, and condemned to be parted each night by a river, on whose opposite banks they sit, calling to each other in vain (Balfour, i. 594, Yule and Burnell, 112). The allusion is a dramatic commonplace.

² Āirāvata, produced at the churning of the ocean of milk, and presiding over the eastern quarter of the sky.

Oh, lamp of love, where amorous girls may read
Mad passion's letters writ in tender flesh.¹

VIDUŚAKA. Oh, this is Kalakanṭhī, the queen's urbane attendant, and through her voice at the rising of the moon on its day of full the bard, Karpūracandra, doth praise the beauteous luster of him whose mark is a gazelle.² So my nose itches ! Let *me* give a description ! The liquid chalk of moonlight dripping from the ink-pot of the moon doth black the row of letters of the stars in the tablet of the sky by darkness gloomed.

(93) [97] KING. Old chap, you certainly talk no wiser than a child today !

VIDUŚAKA. Does a monkey ever forget when he gets a chance? I'll give you a childish description now :

Nor bracelets, nay nor earrings to bedeck,
Now stand the brides of heaven's quarters ten,
And now earth's circuit vast doth stretch below
All stripped of saffron and of sandal sweet ;
The while the missiles of the god of love
Know neither " parching " nor " bewilderment,"
And in the sky the moonbeam garlands hang.³

[98] KING (*looking all around, gesticulating the emotion of love*). Oh, lordly monarch of the night ! What perversity of thine is this ?

(94) Born of the milky wave, wherefrom arose
Divinest Lakṣmī and great Viṣṇu's jewel,⁴
And o'er the lotus-pools in friendship true
Shedding thy streams of immortality,
Thou that alone with fawn-eyed maids canst vie—
Ah, radiant moon, bright gem on Śiva's brow,
Why spread thy beams such fever through my soul ?

¹ Repeated in *Bālarāmāyaṇa*, x. 40. On the allusion in the concluding lines, see Schmidt, 478 ff.

² The moon. The following phrase seems to mean either that the viduśaka scratches his nose in jealous contempt at Karpūracandra's verse, or rubs his nose to gain inspiration for his own description.

³ Repeated in *Karpūramāñjarī*, iii. 26 (see also Lanman, *Karpūramāñjarī*, 272). May not this repetition " with childish words " (*taruṇut-tihim*) of a stanza written in another play be regarded both as an indication of the priority of the *Karpūramāñjarī* to the *Viddhaśālābhañjikā* and of Rājaśekhara's consciousness of progress in his art ?

⁴ Alluding to the churning of the ocean of milk.

(*Gazing in the four directions*)

Once fair as petals of the ketaka
In showers driven by some engine vast,
And beauteous as a zone of shining pearls ;
Now might the full moon's rays be dipped in pails,
Or grasped by eager hands of mortal men,
And drunk by thirsting blossoms of the lote.

[99] (*Having reflected*) The moon's very spotlessness brings danger to the life of one like me! Lucidity itself is poison's peril. (*Entreatingly*)

(95) Lifting on high your heads, cakoras wan,
With bills that slowly move the while ye drink,
Quaff ye the radiance of the lord of night,
That ye revive your souls by parting pained,
And that o'er me the moon's dread sway may end.¹

(*Looking ahead*) This indeed is Mr̥gāṅkāvalī.

[100] VIDŪṢAKA. Mr̥gāṅkāvalī indeed! Surely there can be no such wondrous radiance from a single moon!

KING. Here let us lie concealed among the plantain-creepers, and listen to her confidential words. Now let mine ears drink life's elixir to their fill! (*They do so*)

(*Then enter MR̥GĀṆKĀVALĪ and VICAṢṢAṆĀ*)

MR̥GĀṆKĀVALĪ (*with a gesture of meditation recites* " *With sandal-paste the moon,*" etc.)²

KING (*anxiously*). Oh, words of hers well spoken with letters of the spell of Love!

(96) VIDŪṢAKA. Well I know they are the sharpened darts of slaughtered love!³

KING.

Chaplets of shining pearl about her throat,
And camphor-powder o'er her bosom spread,
Thick sandal-paste perfuming every limb
And in her hand sweet lotuses of blue ;

[101] Yea, clad in silk from China's far-off land
Doth gleam this slender maid in twilight's hour,

¹ Repeated in *Bālarāmāyaṇa*, v. 73.

² See above, p. 38.

³ Alluding to the destruction of Kāma by Śiva.

Like to some goddess fallen from the moon
The while he climbs to heaven's pinnacle.¹

VIDUṢAKA. Right you are! She is indeed a divinity fallen from the moon! And so the center of its disk seems to wither away in defilement from her recent desertion of it on the plea of spots on him whose spot is a gazelle.

(97) KING. Radiant though the moonlight is, old chap, you can see her pallor, born of love. Even her pearl necklace, white as a shell, is visible, for thus,

All tawny as the cloven turmeric,
Yet pale for separation from her love—

[102] How brightly gleam this fawn-eyed maiden's limbs,
As they were wrought of argent and of gold.

VIDUṢAKA. Like gold kissed by liquid mercury is her aureate loveliness o'er which her pallor slowly spreads.

MṚGĀÑKĀVALĪ. Oh, heart! Mine eyes now see him! Oh, marvel of marvels that *thou* art pained! Nay, rather on the bakula's roots mouthfuls of wine are sprinkled, and the flowers breathe the perfume of strong drink.²

(98) VIDUṢAKA. What's all that about?

KING. This. Her heart is filled with love, and thus she chideth it.

MṚGĀÑKĀVALĪ. Oh, Vidyādharamalla, cold as a pencil of camphor! What boots it me that thou art agonized? Or what recompense that the jewel of the moon into the fire doth drip?

[103] KING. Glory to me, on whom MṚgāñkāvalī doth cast her stinging slights!

MṚGĀÑKĀVALĪ. Ah, friend, how could Love bring me to such a pass, were his arrows but of common blossoms? Surely they are venomous darts!

KING. Snow, though formed of water, burns; Love's five arrows, though made of flowers, are in their nature cruel.

(99) VIDUṢAKA. I say, old chap! Who wouldn't be down in the mouth, when she's wasting away by the minute like a sugar doll in the rainy season? Yet, even though it fades, the marjo-

¹ Repeated in *Pracandapāṇḍava*, i. 27.

² She of course compares her heart to the bakula flowers and her eyes to the roots.

ram sprig is fragrant ; and she's a beauty though she pines for pain of parting. Withered like a garland of yellow amaranth flowers, bravely she keeps her ruddy hue.

[104] MRGĀÑKĀVALĪ. Nay, dear one! is there indeed some awful reservoir of love so hard to break? (*Sadly*) Pitiless is he, dear heart! Few in sooth are they who are distressed by others' woe; few of them that hum the new pañcama mode become like masses of faded flowers.¹ Oh, Love, sole archer of the triple world, art thou not ashamed to assail a woman with thine arrows sharpened by the crest-jewel of the moon? Valorous in showing forth thy bravery, I know thou art within this man!

(100) KING. O, beauteous maid, exceeding valorous in showing forth my bravery!²

[105] VIDUṢAKA (*laughing aloud*). I'm laughing at the thought of a battle of the Limbless God!³

KING. Why this loud laughter? You frighten me!

MRGĀÑKĀVALĪ. Dear Vicakṣaṇā, people seem to be moving around!

(101) VICAKṢAṆĀ. Let's hide in the kadālī-thicket, then, and find out what this is! (*They do so*)

VIDUṢAKA. Come, let's enter. (*They walk around*)⁴

[106] KING (*looking at the refrigerants and gesticulating that he takes them*).

With lotus fibers circling round her wrist,
And tiny twigs of spring in garlands twined,
Yea, clad in petals of the kadālī,
She seemeth fire-o'-love enrobed in green.

So shall I cool me with these refrigerants that she hath lately held and left so short a space ago! (*Does so and sits down; the Vidūṣaka also sits down as usual.*)

KING (*gesticulating distress*). Alas! I did not well, for,

The moon to foulest venom is akin,
In sandal trees thrice deadly serpents sport,

¹ The koel does not care enough for the flowers to pine away as they wither.

² Vidyāsāgara omits this line.

³ Kāma.

⁴ The scene changes from a part of the royal gardens to a kadālī-thicket.

While pearls are born of briny ocean's flood,
 And on the sun's cruel rays the lotus dotes ;
 Naught, naught of these can soothe my burning love ;
 Truth's saving power have I left behind
 And outward healing doth but mock my woe.¹

(102) [107] VICAṢAṢĀNĀ. Dear Mṛgāṅkāvalī, my embassy bears fruit ! The great king shows indeed a wondrous change of heart !

KING (*gesticulating distress*).

The fan's soft breeze a multitude of sighs,
 Fair Malaya's cool dews but burning tears,
 And all my flower-couch of Kāma's darts—
 Oh, pain of love with two-fold agony,
 When will thy mighty power o'er me cease ?

[108] VIDUṢAKA. Ah, here's something like a letter sealed !

KING. Not a letter only, but a bond of the peace and war of Love ! Lo, this,

It is a tender palm-leaf, all unsealed,
 With sandal paste that marks the bosom's curve
 (103) And wrapped about with lotus-fibers soft ;
 Full surely from some maiden's hand it fell,
 And tender words of love lie hidden there.

VIDUṢAKA. Her's it is indeed. The cause of its leaving her needs explanation !

[109] KING (*taking the Viduṣaka by the ear*). *Of course* the land of Vidūra is the land of jewel pencils !² *Of course* your words are the land that drip with nectar ! Therefore look at this then ! (*Viduṣaka does so ; the KING recites*) “ Ah, cruel one, from a luckless lady ! ”

VIDUṢAKA. Unseal it ; *I'll* show you. (*Doing so*) Why, the jewel-casket is jewelless, the letter has no letter !³

(104) KING. Nay, this device so deeply piteous makes my mind like to a blossom !⁴ (*Reflecting*) Thou hollow palm-

¹ Comp., for the general idea, *Karpūramāñjarī*, ii. 11 ; iii. 20.

² This proverb is again used by Rājaśekhara in *Karpūramāñjarī*, i. 34, 18.

³ “ Hamlet with Hamlet left out ” ; comp. above, p. 35.

⁴ I. e., very tender.

[110] leaf ! (*Meditating*) Seek a bond of union with it !
Mayhap there is some thread of love sewn there for secret
counsel !

VIDŪSAKA (*doing so—looking joyfully*). Oh, what wondrous
wisdom's yours ! But is it praise of the moon to say he is the
spouse of Rohiṇī ?¹

KING (*recites, in agitation*).

Upon what limb doth tender youth write not ?
Oh, winning wantonness in thy dear eyes
That steals my sight away for ecstasy.

(*Reflecting anxiously*)

All broken by the trembling of her hand
And half-effaced by welling drops of sweat,²
The while her dear tautology reveals
The pain of love, though incomplete her phrase—
(105) [111] Thus, thus the letters that her fingers writ
Bring sweet conviction to my doubting faith,
And show the grief that fills the soul of her
Whose long-lashed glances steal away my heart.

VIDŪSAKA. Does one overlook matters when an elephant's
trunk is strangled by a plantain-sprig ? Come, let's follow then !

KING. 'Tis all one ! Whether I follow the moon,³ my mine
of jewels, or whether I follow my heart !

VIDŪSAKA (*pointing with his finger*). There, she's entered
[112] the grove of mādhavī creepers, for here is a series of foot-
prints like the path of Kāma's feet. So let's hide ahead of them
and watch them carefully. (*They do so.*)⁴

(106) MRGĀÑKĀVALĪ (*gesticulating the touch of moonlight within
the creepers ; having recourse to Sanskrit*).

Thou cold, chill moon, touch not thou e'en in sport
My limbs that burn for absence from my love ;
For here thy rays hold fevered revelry,
Though soft their gleam as fibers of the lote.

¹ The favorite wife of the moon. It is no praise to say the obvious.

² Comp. the picture of Śakuntalā blurred by the perspiring fingers of
Duṣyanta in the sixth act of the *Śakuntalā*.

³ *Mrgāṇka*, an allusion to the name of the heroine.

⁴ The scene changes from the kadali-thicket to a mādhavī-grove.

(Repeating this three or four times, she weeps).

- KING (to the VIDUŠAKA). Now feast thy gaze !
 [113] Great tears atremble in her beauteous eyes
 And falling slowly from her lashes long
 Reveal the pain that fills her gentle heart.
 (107) And furthermore,

Lo, mighty Love hath sped his arrows five
 Of flowers sweet that pierce, though blunt their tips,
 And with great Varun's dart ¹ hath wounded sore
 This tender maid, whose tears as rivers flow,
 And like to brooks threefold slow make their way
 Within the grove about her waist that lies.

(Taking the VIDUŠAKA by the hand, and approaching with the courtesy of love.)

- [114] Ah, if like broken fibers of the lote
 Thy limbs slow waste away, then Love doth hold
 His mighty sway forever o'er thy heart.

Thus in supplication I appeal to you with joy and sorrow equal !

(108) MRGĀṆKĀVALĪ (aside, and regarding him with eagerness and terror). Is this rain from a cloudless sky,² or pearls won from an impure cavity ? Like a staff of kāñcana³ become a mango, like brass turned into gold, seems he whose frame is lauded for its handsomeness. (Aside to VICAḶṢAṆĀ.) This, dear one, is [115] King Vidyādharamalla, loved of Śrī, Sarasvatī, and Madanasundarī,⁴ yea, and lover of Śrī, Sarasvatī, and Madanasundarī.

VICAḶṢAṆĀ. True !

¹ Comp. the beginning of the sixth act of the *Uttararāmacarita* and *Karpūramañjarī*, iv. 13. The darts of Varuṇa, the water-god, are tears.

² The same proverb occurs in the latter part of the third act of the *Ratnāvalī*; comp. the English saying, "Lightning from a clear sky." In *Karpūramañjarī*, iv. 18, 8 the viduṣaka speaks of a "shower of watermelons from a clear sky."

³ A tree variously identified by the native lexicographers with the *Mesua ferrea*, *Michelia Champaca*, *Ficus glomerata*, *Bauhinea variegata*, *Datura fastuosa*, and *Rottleria tinctoria*.

⁴ Beauty, Wisdom, and Venus.

KING. Thus rather should'st thou say, Vicakṣaṇā : "Loved of Mṛgāṅkāvalī, yea, and lover of Mṛgāṅkāvalī !" (*saluting her*).¹

(109) Beside thine eyes the lotus blue is pale,
And nigh thy lips the coral gleameth white ;
While for thy body's sheen the midnight black
Is changed to gold, and thine uplifted gaze
Doth lend a twofold luster to the sky.²

[116] MṚGĀṆKĀVALĪ (*aside*). Oh, goodly night, adornment of the moon, be thou a hundred watches in thy length ! The constellation of the Seven Sages hath a girdle of the Bright-Haired Ones !³

KING. She should not lack a necklace of pearls, good comrade ! the North shines not without the girdle of the Seven Seers (*thus speaking, he takes the necklace from his neck and places it on the neck of the heroine*).

(110) VIDUṢAKA. Who doth not rejoice at this delightful union, since this maid, garlanded with rounded pearls, and with innuendo decked, hath the style of goodly bards !

[117] (*In the wing*)

Leave ye the abodes of joy, the bower of creepers and all the rest ! Close ye the doors, and let the bolts be shot ; the watchmen and retainers shall stand without, each in his own place ! Here, like the day produced by the light of a lamp that some mermaid holdeth in her hand, comes the queen to see the bower of mādhavī-creepers adorned with thousands of madder-clusters, that the drugs of a mighty magician made grow.

(111) VICAKṢAṆĀ (*in terror*). Sire, be thy dear friend dismissed !

[118] KING. I pray thee mercy, unless thou dost deny my suit !

¹ Mṛgāṅkāvalī.

² Repeated in *Bālarāmāyaṇa*, iii. 25 ; comp. *Pracandapāṇḍava*, i. 31.

³ The "girdle of Bright-Haired Ones" (*cittasikhaṇḍidāma*) and the "circle of the Seven Sages" (*sattarisimaṇḍala*) are synonyms of the constellation Ursa Major. The sentence is omitted by Arte.

VIDŪṢAKA. Get her out of here at once, old chap! or else we're pigeons caught in a cage.¹ (*Thus speaking, they walk around according to their rank.*)

(*Exeunt omnes*)

END OF ACT III.

(112)

ACT IV.

(*In the wing*)

A blessed dawn unto Karpūravarṣa's² lord, for now,

The silvern moon sinks to the western sea;
Like bubbles vanish all the stars of night;
The lights shine pale as yellow amaranth;
And red as chakors' eyes³ doth gleam the east.

[119] (*Then enter the VIDŪṢAKA awake and the BRAHMANEE⁴ asleep*)

VIDŪṢAKA. Quick, mother of sons! up, and offer your morning prayer! Come, the night is past! Listen to the eulogy of the dawn by the royal bard, Karpūrakhaṇḍa! (*Reflecting*) How is it she doesn't break her slumber even now, sleeping⁵ in exhaustion from the wakefulness engendered by the queen's most weighty words? I'll wait, then, for Brahmans say, one who is sleeping soundly must not be waked.⁶ (*The BRAHMANEE talks in her sleep*)

¹ Compare the English proverb, "Caught like a rat in a trap."

² This word, which seems to be known thus far only here in Sanskrit literature, is doubtless the name of the imaginary realm over which Vidyādhamalla ruled. The smaller Petersburg lexicon is scarcely correct in making it the name of a prince, nor is it to be identified with the Karpūradvīpa mentioned above, p. 32.

³ The eyes of the cakora are supposed to become red at the sight of poison (Kullūka on Manu, vii. 217).

⁴ Her name is Piṅgalikā, see p. 62.

⁵ The scene is the sleeping apartments of Cārāyaṇa. While sleeping is technically forbidden on the Sanskrit stage (Wilson, i. xxvii.), both Vardhamāna and the vidūṣaka Māitreya sleep in the third act of the *Mṛcchakatikā*, and the latter, like Piṅgalikā here, talks in his sleep; Sakatādāsa sleeps in the fourth act of the *Mudrārākṣasa*, and the vidūṣaka in the third act of the *Priyadarśikā*.

⁶ Manu, iv. 57.

(113) BRAHMANEE. From Vicakṣaṇā's lips the spouse of the queen hath heard¹ that "Mṛgāṅkāvalī, dear sister of the captive Mṛgāṅkavarman, is come [120] to see her brother in her love for him. Now, my maternal uncle, the noble Candravarman, and my aunt, Hāralatā, have said that 'this your sister,² Mṛgāṅkāvalī, is destined, according to astrologers, for universal sovereignty; you must make her win a husband fitting for her.'" Then the queen said to the king: "No spouse but you is fitted for her, since the ruby decks the single string of pearls. So wed her, sire! Your fortune should not pass unto another's hand. Nor is it strange that thy queen should be filled with thoughts for a rival to herself, since they say of daughters of noble lineage, 'What is dear to the spouse is dear, not what to herself is dear.' Nay, already I have caused thee, sire, to wed [121] Anaṅgalekhā, child of the king of Magadha³; Ratnāvalī; and Priyadarśanā,⁴ daughter of the prince of Mālava; Vilāsavatī, the offspring of Pañcāla's⁵ (114) lord; Kelimatī, child of Avantī's⁶ sovereign; Līlāvatī, princess of the ruler of Jālandhara;⁷ and Patralekhā, daughter of the king of Kerala." So the great king gave assent, after she had said to him again and again, "The second watch to-day is the auspicious time for wedlock." Thus the king shall be tricked by a mock marriage to get even for the Mekhalā affair, and the retort to my angry brother⁸ will be: "Why, it's a marriage."

VIDUṢAKA (*laughing*). God or heat⁹ will know who's tricked here! (*Reflecting*) Well, we'll make the old she-cat drink

¹These are quoted by Vicakṣaṇā as the queen's words.

²Really, of course, the queen's cousin.

³Southern Bihar (Lassen, 166-167; comp. Dey, 49-50).

⁴Possibly a direct allusion to the dramas *Ratnāvalī* and *Priyadarśikā* (Apte, 28; and Konow, 185). Mālava, the modern Malwa, lay between the Vindhya on the south, the Aravalli range on the north, Dohad in the west, and Bhopal in the east (Lassen, 145-146).

⁵The country north and west of Delhi, between the foot of the Himalayas and the Chambal (Balfour, iii. 99).

⁶A district of ancient India corresponding to the modern Ujjain.

⁷The modern Jalandhar in the Punjab.

⁸*kuvidassa me bhāduassa*, Piṅgalikā thus seems to be the sister of Candravarman! Can one compare the fact that the wife of Rājasekhara, a Brahman, was Avantisundarī, a Rajput princess (Konow, 180)?

⁹Comp. the English "God or the devil."

sour gruel for milk for a (115) [122] while yet! ¹ It was a fine game for Kuvalayamālā to marry a woman to a woman! (*Looking upward*) It's high time to wake the Brahmanee up! Brahmanee, get up, get up! the queen calls you!

BRAHMANEE (*arising with a gesticulation of awakening*). Oh, it's morning! (*Looking at him*) Here, you son-in-law of Mṛgatrṣṇikā! you go attend our sovereign lord, and I'll go to the queen. (*Walking about*)

(*Exeunt*)

(*End of the connecting-scene*)

[123] (*Enter the KING and the VIDŪṢAKA*) ²

KING (*gesticulating the distress of love and grief*). Friend, now the fervent heat doth pass from out its infant stage!

To Love's behest e'en in the burning noon
Summer doth lure the wanderer of the night,
Yea, hardeneth the milk of cocoanuts,
And ripeneth the royal plantains sweet;
But at the hour of eve it bringeth joy.

And furthermore,

(116) Mantles of tender grass, and bracelets soft
Wrought of the dainty fibers of the lote;
Śirīṣa flowers nigh to rosy ears,
And radiant jasmines in the stead of pearls,
The while in summertide the fawn-eyed maids
Exhale from every limb the sandal sweet—
Nor spell nor charm save these doth Kāma need
That life should throb again throughout his veins.

[124] VIDŪṢAKA. Just so! The summer scorches bald-heads like us!

KING (*smiling dejectedly*). The sun doth parch the brow, and the dust in the path doth burn the feet. Therefore the king's spouse looks not on the sun.³ And furthermore,

¹ The vidūṣaka Gāutama also irreverently compares the queen Dhariṇi to a cat in the fourth act of the *Mālavikāgnimitra*, and the vidūṣaka repeats the proverb here given in *Karpūramañjarī*, ii. 29, 11.

² The scene changes from the sleeping apartment of Cārāyaṇa to a part of the royal gardens near the courtyard of the zenana.

³ I. e., the heat is so intense that his (future) bride cannot leave her apartments.

Cool to the ear the flutes steal sense away,
 And tempting is the wine with water chilled;
 Yea, like to snow the breasts of fawn-eyed maids—
 While Kāma's grace surpasseth every joy.

[125] And thus, good friend, we hear,

Roots of young shrubs and fragrant jasmine bark,
 Sweet sandal sap, aśoka tendrils moist,
 Śirīṣa flowers tall, and plantains ripe—
 These be the cooling gifts fierce summer gave
 To flame-scorched Kāma in the days of yore.

(*Gesticulating discouragement*)

Two woes there be that coolth alone may heal,
 Yet if they be conjoined no man may bear—
 The burning radiance of the midday sun,
 And grief of parting from the well-beloved.¹

(117) [126] (*In the wing*)

The maids of long and curving feet that love the swing
 remove her anklets bent within their circling fingers. The
 golden bell,² its pearls astart from its circumference for close
 compression of their hands, is taken off and hidden by her
 friends. The mantle, trembling with the plucking, upraised
 fingers, is drawn from her swelling bust, o'er which doth lie a
 robe, loosed slightly from her slender stomach.³

KING (*to the VIDUṢAKA, perceiving her delight in the swing
 with her friends*). Good friend,

[127] Oh, singer sweet as kinnaras⁴ divine,
 That in thy tossing swing dost take delight,
 Consumed by love, set thou me in thy heart,
 That Kāma's bow may gain the victory.

¹ Repeated in *Bālarāmāyaṇa*, v. 25; comp. *Karpūramañjarī*, iv. 2.

² A small golden jingling ornament.

³ Between this speech and the next, one of the manuscripts inserts a long section, translated in the appendix.

⁴ Celestial choristers and musicians, attendants on Kuvera, the god of wealth, and represented with the body of a man and the head of a horse.

VIDŪṢAKA. It's pretty plain from Vicakṣaṇā's words that her heart has been given you *before* marriage !

KING. Now the four lines of the stanza are complete!

VIDŪṢAKA. Read 'em to me, old chap!

[128] KING (*reads*).

Upon what limb doth tender youth write not?

Oh, winning wantonness in thy dear eyes,

(118) That steals my sight away for ecstasy—

Come, come thou to me, come, ah, come at last!

And furthermore,

From her fair throat she took the chain of pearls

And in my sleep she cast it round my neck;

Lo, thus I give to her her gift again

That on her bosom's circuit it may rest.

VIDŪṢAKA (*gesticulating remembrance*). Ah, ha! now I'm going to ask a sticker!

KING. It's answered!

[129] VIDŪṢAKA. What's the difference between Mṛgāṅkāvalī and Kuvalayamālā?

KING. Hush! *She's* another man's wife!¹

VIDŪṢAKA. Do *I* know anything about the affairs of princes? Any way, the rustic calls the wife of his brother-in-law a half-wife,² so tell me, what's the difference between Mṛgāṅkāvalī and Kuvalayamālā?

KING. What's the difference between Mṛgāṅkāvalī and Kuvalayamālā?

(119) VIDŪṢAKA. That's been said over and over; why do you say it again?

KING. Then I'll answer by a simile—as great as is the difference between liquid camphor and liquid aloes.³

[130] VIDŪṢAKA. That's clear enough!

KING. This will show you,

¹ The wife of the supposed Mṛgāṅkavarman, who is really Mṛgāṅkāvalī.

² Apparently, since a second wife of his brother-in-law is co-wife with his own sister, so that he feels a strong interest in her.

³ Comp., perhaps, the English "difference between cheese and chalk," (the Sanskrit has *yaḍ antaram ghanasārāgarusārayoḥ*).

All golden as the campak¹ Lāṭī² stands,
 But like to dūrvā-grass³ pale Kuntali ;⁴
 Here gleam the gems, while there the white pearls shine—
 Fair mansions both for Love's most sweet disport,
 Yet doth the first surpass all earth can give.

It can't be possible, old chap, that the queen will have me marry!

VIDUṢAKA. What's impossible about it? Such things *have* happened! (*Looking before him*) I see maid-servants of my kinswoman coming this way.

[131] KING. Who is your kinswoman?

VIDUṢAKA. The queen.⁵

KING. (*smiling*). Come then, let's go to the picture hall. (*They do so*)⁶

(*Enter at the wing MAID-SERVANTS with baskets in their hands; all walk about*).

FIRST MAID-SERVANT. Taraṅgikā! where can I see the great king?

(120) SECOND MAID-SERVANT. Where you see a man athrob with eagerness for his approaching marriage, Kuraṅgikā, my love!

ANOTHER MAID-SERVANT. Oh, Vicakṣaṇā, what's this Taraṅgikā says? How can one who has wedded thousands of queens show such eagerness?

YET ANOTHER MAID-SERVANT. My dear Vicakṣaṇā! Don't you know *anything* about the ways of Love? A man in love is always eager!

[132] TARAṅGIKĀ (*looking before her*). There, near the door of the picture-gallery, I see our sovereign, his limbs all wan and wasted, attended by the noble Cārāyaṇa like the full moon at dawn followed by Saturn.⁷ (*All approach*) Victory, victory,

¹ *Michelia champaca*, Linn., a large tree, bearing rich orange flowers of exquisite fragrance (Roxburgh, 453; Balfour, ii. 942).

² *Mṛgāṅkāvalī*.

³ *Panicum dactylon*, Linn., the common panic-grass of India (Roxburgh, 97).

⁴ *Kuvalayamālā*.

⁵ His wife is the sister of the husband of the queen's aunt!

⁶ The scene changes from a part of the royal gardens near the courtyard of the zenana to the vicinity of the picture-gallery.

⁷ A pale reflex of a shadowy lord.

sire ! The queen declares that the auspicious moment is at hand ! Therefore, array thyself, and hasten to the quadrangle of the nuptials !

KING. As the queen doth bid !

(121) VIDŪṢAKA (*looking at himself*). Ladies, what is your reply in raiment and food for a kinsman ?

MAID-SERVANTS. We'll give it !

VIDŪṢAKA. What will it be ?

[133] MAID-SERVANTS. What the aśoka longs for, and what the lordly god of triple gaze carries on his head.¹

VIDŪṢAKA (*brandishing his staff*). Oh, you slaves ! Do you mock the mighty Brahman, the dear friend of the great king, the beloved of the Brahmanee, Piṅgalikā, and the reader of half a pāda of his sūtras?² I'll make your faces disgust your lovers with this staff, crooked as the souls of servant-girls like you !

TARAṆGIKĀ. Calm, sir, be calm ! The queen's women were jesting with you ; they thought they were your relatives !

(122) ANOTHER MAID-SERVANT. Don't joke any more ; Cārāyaṇa the noble is a Durvāsas,³ for he's illy clad !

TARAṆGIKĀ. He'll be well-clad before long ! That's [134] the reason we're making the regulation marriage festival. Sulakṣaṇā, Hārayaṣṭhī, Kalakaṇṭhī, Vasantalatā, Maṅgalikā, Kāmakelī, Mṛgāṅkalekhā, Bakulāvalī, Parabhrtikā, Vicakṣaṇā, and Kalpalatā, prepare the deasil⁴ for the marriage with the binding of the bracelet of our sovereign skilled in love.

¹ A kick and a half-(w)ring for your neck. Comp. Vicakṣaṇā's taunt to the vidūṣaka in *Karpūramañjarī*, i. 20, 27, and his reply, i. 20, 29, as well as the repartee in i. 20, 15-16.

² Comp. the vidūṣaka's boast of his learning in *Karpūramañjarī*, i. 18, 1-2.

³ A pun, denoting both Durvāsas, an ascetic of proverbial irascibility, and 'wretchedly clothed.' The play on words fails, however, in the answering *suvāsa*.

⁴ While the canons of Sanskrit dramaturgy forbid the representation of a marriage (Lévi, 57 ; Wilson, i. xxvii.), Parvatī weds Śiva in the fifth act of the *Parvatīpariṇaya*, and Karpūramañjarī is married to Caṇḍapāla in the fourth act of the *Karpūramañjarī* (see also Winternitz, 60). The marriage-thread is also mentioned in the middle of the ninth act of the *Mālatīmādhava*.

(*All approach and proffer red garments, saffron, the bracelet, flowers, etc.; the KING puts them on with a gesticulation; the VIDŪŚAKA adorns himself with the unguent, etc., left by the king*)

VICAKṢAṆĀ. Why this delay, fair ladies? Let's enjoy things from the very first! Make them perfect! Sing and dance!

[135] VIDŪŚAKA. Ah, ha! I'll sing and dance with them!

KING. As you like.

(*All sing and dance with the VIDŪŚAKA*)

(*In the wing*)

Why do Vicakṣaṇā and the rest delay? Bring the great king to the quadrangle! The queen is there with her attendants!

(123) TARAṆGIKĀ. This way, this way, great king!¹

(*All walk about, then enter the QUEEN, MRGĀÑKĀVALĪ dressed as a young girl, and KUVALAYAMĀLĀ*)

QUEEN (*aside*). My dear Kuvalayamālā, see how well girlish garb becomes your husband! (KUVALAYAMĀLĀ *laughs, averting her face*)

[136] KING (*aside*).

The noon am I, consumed with parching flame;
She is the eventide, her face its orb;
While this red cloth, that still doth sunder us,²
Is as the twilight, joining night to day.

QUEEN. Noble sire, unveil her face! Let the moon arise within thy mansion!

KING (*approaching and doing so, aside*).

All conquered sinks the moon, the lotus lord,
Before the wondrous radiance of her face,
For that her slender nose is as a reed.
Bearing on either side a lotus blue—
So beauteous are the eyes of her I love.

¹ The scene changes from the vicinity of the picture-gallery to the Golden Quadrangle in the vicinity of the courtyard of the zenana.

² The screen set between the bride and groom at the wedding (Jackson, 326; comp. Modi, 29, 31).

QUEEN. Dear Mṛgāṅkāvalī, gaze upon the stars, and spread the couch of flowers ! (MṚGĀṆKĀVALĪ *turning her eyes* [137] *hither and thither in abashment, gazes upward a long time*).

KING (*aside*).

Soft on the ground her glances gleam like pearls,
Yea, shine as ketakas through all the world,
(124) And fill the sky with moonbeams radiant.

VIDŪṢAKA (*aside*). Kuvalayamālā is almost drinking you in with lustrous sidelong glances !

KING. 'Tis so !

Oh, sweet the madding glances of thine eyes,
Long as the conduit of some limpid stream
And curving like a ploughshare or a carp !
'Tis they that fill my soul with all Love's power,
And bring to me thy face beyond compare.

[138] But yet she is another's wife !

VIDŪṢAKA. She's yours, you mean, in course of love !

QUEEN (*aside, to KUVALAYAMĀLĀ*). See your own husband married by my noble lord ! (*Aloud*) Honored sire, now have the deasil walked, and let parched grain be scattered in the fire. (*The KING, having led her around, seats himself*)

PORTRESS (*entering*). Sire, at the door noble Bhāgurāyaṇa stands with the chief messenger of Candravarman, the queen's maternal uncle. (*The KING looks toward the QUEEN*)

(125) QUEEN. Let him enter without delay !

[139] PORTRESS. Even so ! (*Exit*)

(*Then enter BHĀGURĀYAṆA and the MESSENGER*)

BOTH. Victory ! victory to the king, Triliṅga's sovereign !

BHĀGURĀYAṆA. Here is the messenger from Lāṭa's lord.

KING. Enter ! Doth Candravarman bid us greeting ?

MESSENGER. With the favor of the king !

QUEEN. Greetings from me to Hāralatā, my maternal uncle's wife !

MESSENGER. Thy further pleasure ?

QUEEN. Do my elders remember me ?

MESSENGER. One's own soul forgets !¹ (*To the QUEEN*)
Thy maternal uncle's son doth greet thee (*all gesticulate joy*),
and our sovereign bids me say :

"I had no son, so Mṛgānkāvalī
I feigned to be a man-child, and 'tis she
That my chief minister hath brought to you.

[140] "To-day a son doth glorify my house,
And therefore her, most dainty and most fair,
Skilled in all arts and sportsome in her mood,
Yet knowing well decorum's every rule—
Yea, Mṛgānkāvalī, who, fate foretells,
Shall wed a prince to rule o'er all the world,
Shouldst thou now give unto some lord of earth
With glory radiant as great Indra's own."

(126) BHĀGURĀYAṆA (*aside*). Mine intellect, that twineth around
the tree of politics, beareth fruit.

VIDUṢAKA (*raising his hand*). See, she's given and wedded !
Don't you see on the forearm the circling bridegroom's bracelet
of pink thread belonging to my dear old chum and Mṛgānkā-
valī ?² (*All are astonished*)

QUEEN (*aside*). See what evil tricks fate plays ! My merry
game of feigned device has turned out true ! (*After reflection*)
[141] It can't be helped ! (*Aloud*) Noble sir, even without
my maternal uncle's bidding, I should have her wed !

MESSENGER. Oh, queen, the minds of those like you, even
when they work by chance, achieve success !

VIDUṢAKA (*aside*). Ah, ha ! the queen's sorry now !

KING. Full true ! Fate giveth weal to all according to
desert !

QUEEN (*aside*). Alas ! I've missed the way of my [142]
intent, but their continued fortune lasteth still !

(127) MEKHALĀ. Since the queen's giving us the noble bluff,
let's play the game out ! When the water's gone, what's the
use of a bridge ? When the marriage is over, what's the good
of looking at the stars !³

¹ I. e., I forgot all about that !

² This portion of the marriage ceremony seems to be of late develop-
ment (Haas, 311-312, 386 ; Colebrooke, *Miscellaneous Essays*, i. 223 ;
comp. Modi, 30-31).

³ "There's no use crying over spilled milk."

VIDŪṢAKA. Oh, crest-jewel of ministers, thou art a new Cāṇakya !¹ Bhāgurāyaṇa, Kuvalayamālā, too, belongs to my old chum, for great sages say :

Wife, slave, and son have naught that is their own,
For all they gain belongeth to their lord.²

MESSENGER. Ah, what skill in tradition on the part of Cārāyaṇa, the great king's boon companion !

BHĀGURĀYAṆA. Cārāyaṇa's right ! Come now, oh, queen ! Wed her, too, with this very bracelet !

QUEEN. As the great minister will !

VIDŪṢAKA (*taking KUVALAYAMĀLĀ's hand and placing it in* (128) *the KING's*). Ah, ha ! The rustic calls the wife of his brother-in-law a half-wife, but [144] you're whole wives ! (*All laugh ; the Queen forces a smile. To the MAID-SERVANTS*) You sing and dance, and I'll sing and dance, for the wedding's all over ! (*They do so*)

MṚGĀṆKĀVALĪ (*aside, smiling*). Come, Kuvalayamālā, embrace me ! Since you're a wife, we're co-wives.

BHĀGURĀYAṆA (*aside, gesticulating a twitching of the right eye*).³ I don't know what other cause of joy there can be !

PORTRESS (*entering*). Your majesty ! At the door stands Kuraṅgaka, come with a letter from Vatsa, the commander-in-chief.

KING. Let him enter ! (*Exit PORTRESS*)

[145] (*Then enter KURAṅGAKA*)

KURAṅGAKA (*bowing*). Victory, victory, sire !
(*Presents the letter*)

BHĀGURĀYAṆA (*takes it and reads*).

"All hail to thee, oh, king ! In Nṛpurī⁴

Where sound the rolling waves of Narmadā,

¹ A famous Brahman, the minister of Candragupta (Sandrokottos), whom he helped to establish the Maurya dynasty. He is the hero of Viśākhadatta's drama, *Mudrārākṣasa* and the putative author of the *Cāṇakyanīti* (comp. Klatt, *De Trecentis Cāṇakya Poetæ Indici Sententiis*, 15, and Kressler's translation in his *Stimmen indischer Lebensklugheit*, 151-195).

² Comp. Manu, viii. 416 (*Ind. Spr.* 4570).

³ A good omen.

⁴ Apte, 46-47, reads, on the basis of a Tanjore manuscript, *Tripurī* and *Kalacurī*. Tripurī seems to be the modern Tevur on the Narbada,

- Śrīvatsa, lord of all thy host, doth bend
 Before Karpūravaṣa, his dear lord,
 (129) In love and awe, his hands upon his brow ;
 While widowed dames of haughty Murala
 Abase their eyes unto his lotus feet."

And something better than that is written here : "Through the valor of thee, the royal adornment of Karaculi, through the perspicuous understanding of the great minister, Bhāgurāyaṇa, and through the execution of orders on the part of wretched soldiers like me, all the tyrant princes in the eastern, western [146] and northern regions were reduced to subjection. Only the monarchs of the south were still seen to stand. But even there the news was told, and Vīrapāla, the lord of Kuntala, deprived of his sovereignty by a kinsman, came to the king for refuge, and, in obedience to the king's command, we placed him at our head, and camped on the banks of the Payoṣṇī.¹ And then,

"Kārṇāṭa cunning in the fray, Ceylon
 Of lion's deeds, Pāṇḍya² of deadly blade,
 The lord of Murala³ with horses stout,
 Āndhra⁴ of flawless valor in the field,
 Bold Kuntala, lord of the radiant spear,
 And Koṅkaṇa,⁵ with other monarchs brave
 All, all did band together 'gainst our host.

six miles from Jabalpur. It is possible, however, that the names are intentionally mutilated for purposes of disguise, or that the geography is imaginary. There is little evidence here to show that Nṛpurī was Vidyādharamalla's capital, as Apte thought. It seems rather to have been a town, perhaps a captured city, whence Vatsa despatched his messenger to the king.

¹ "Evidently the modern Purna, a feeder of the Tapi" [in Berar], Apte, 51 ; comp. Lassen, 686-687).

² A district of ancient India corresponding to the modern districts of Tinneveli and Madura in the extreme south-east of India (Dey, 67 ; Lassen, 191-195).

³ A tribe on the banks of Muralā (the modern Narbada, flowing from the Western Ghats to the Arabian Sea), identified by Apte, 51, with the Keralas.

⁴ A district of ancient India between the Godāvarī and Kistna in Madras (Apte, 49, Dey 4).

⁵ The modern Konkan in the Bombay Presidency.

[147] “Meanwhile, our forces joined battle with them.”

KING. Valorous in deeds of battle is Kārṇāṭa !

BHĀGURĀYAṆA (*recites*). “Then,

‘My love the dead crushed ’neath the tusker’s feet ;’
 ‘Ah, dear to me the foe with spears transfixed ;’
 ‘For yon convulsing corpse my soul doth yearn ;’
 ‘This frowning, severed brow my heart’s desire ;’¹
 Thus cried, as ye have heard, the maids divine
 That choose them spouses on the blood-stained field.

“But what need of writing more ? We defeated them, and placed Virapāla on his throne.² The rest may be learned from Kuraṅgaka’s mouth.”

KURAṅGAKA. My mouth is like that of a drum, your majesty ; not a sound is there.³

(130) [148] KING. They whose mouths are letters, bear letters.

BHĀGURĀYAṆA. Therefore, now,

Unto the eastern strand where Ganges flows,
 And in the south to Tāmrāparṇī’s⁴ wave,
 Where in the west the sea greets Narmadā,
 Yea, to the milky ocean in the north
 That joys in streams⁵ from dancing Śiva’s locks
 Doth rule the monarch of Karaculī.

(*Saluting the KING*) Can I do thee service more ?

[149] KING. E’en greater joy than this is mine,
 The anger of my queen hath passed away,
 Sweet Mrgāṅkāvalī, my love, is won ;

¹ Each of these four lines is spoken by a different Apsaras, or celestial hetæra, who, like the Norse valkyr, chooses a lover from the heroes slain in battle. The stanza is repeated in *Bālarāmāyaṇa*, viii. 11.

² Comp. the success of Vatsa’s troops in the fourth act of the *Ratnāvalī*, the victory of the forces of Vatsarāja, and the restoration of Ḍṛdhavarman, Vatsarāja’s ally, to his throne by his friend’s army, at the close of the *Priyadarśikā*. In the *Ratnāvalī*, moreover, as in the *Viddhaśālabhañjikā*, the news is told the king by the prime minister, aided by an envoy from the general of the royal army.

³ I do not speak unless desired. The king’s answer seems to convey a reproof.

⁴ The modern Tamraparni in Tinneveli (Apte, 48 ; Lassen, 192).

⁵ The Ganges.

Brave Kuntala's fair daughter, once a bride
 Unto another, weds with me at last ;
 While by your wisdom and great Vatsa's might
 My sovereignty doth spread o'er all the world—
 What blessings more than these could heart desire ? ¹

So be it then !

As beauteous as the broad and snowy breast
 On the left side of dread Bhavānī's lord ; ²
 As eager as great Viṣṇu's arms to twine
 In close embrace about fair Lakṣmī's neck ;
 As skilful as the hands of mighty Brahm
 To shape the forms that move through all the world :
 So goodly and so sweet are sages' words
 That every ear should quaff in ecstasy.

[150]

(*Exeunt omnes*)

END OF ACT IV.

APPENDIX.

Arte's manuscript B, "complete but very badly written," inserts the following passage at 59. It is, in all probability, a late interpolation.

- (1) Caught by their hands and in their fingers clasped,
 Yea, resting on their long and rounded throats,
 The cords of pearls, tossed by the lofty swing,
 Now leave the beauteous circlets of their breasts.

In rhythmic beat their dainty arms are raised,
 While with their slender hands they fain would hold
 Their bracelets that the welling sweat bedews.

Entangled in their nails, their tresses long
 Stream in the breeze and softly kiss their hips,
 Wherefrom their heavy girdles slowly fall.

¹ Comp. *Karpūramañjarī*, iv. 23. The situation and sentiment are strikingly paralleled in the closing speech of the king in the *Priyadarśikā* (comp. also the close of the *Mālavikāgnimitra*).

² Śiva and Pārvatī conjoined in one body, the right half male and the left half female (see Moor, *Hindu Pantheon*, plates 7, 24).

Unto their upturned eyes sink massy locks,
Wherein a moment's space the cavern stays
That marks the spot where tiny fingers twined.

With perfumes decked, bright gleams the wondrous place
Encircled by the zone of furrows three,
Where tips of rosy nails full featly write.

(2) Now fast descending, with their hollowed hands
They cleanse the dew of summer's heat away,
And shade averted faces with their palms.

Such be the deeds of those attendant maids
That wait upon thy love, oh, lord of men,
Proclaiming all the summer's weal and woe.

KING (*listening*). Even so,

On his white jasmine bow great Kāma lays
His arrow of the trumpet-flower red,
Eager to conquer all the triple world,
And makes his shrine within the hearts of dames
That bathe them as the eventide draws nigh.

VIDŪṢAKA. You're easily hidden now ! Let's know what happened last night, for since the day the dream was seen the queen has been wrathful again and again, and cooled down again and again, so that Piṅgalikā, my wife, is sour one day and sweet the next.

KING. Right you are ! When a tendril of the kāravella¹ plant climbs a soap-berry tree and gets sprinkled with sea-water, do you say that it stays bitter ? It's no wonderful event, but yet,

That starry chamberlain, the lord of night,
On whom mine eyes are fixed, comes not to me ;
Nor have I heard the wondrous pañcama,
The note of omen good that joys the ear ;

¹ *Momodica charantia*, Linn., a vegetable with a large bitter fruit, which is eaten before it ripens, especially in curries. The fruit is soaked in salt and water before dressing (Balfour, ii. 371).

The tender glances of yon maiden slim
 Stray here and there, but look on me askance ;
 And I may never quaff ambrosia sweet
 Drawn from the amorous lips of her I love.

(3) VIDŪṢAKA. Well, lovers are half fools, and girls mock them with their glances and their gait. Tell me what the devil *is* the matter !

KING. Why do you ask me here ? Ask the friend of love there.

Each glance shot from the coign of maidens' eyes,
 Each step while slow their arms sway to and fro,
 Each stammering word of witchery divine,
 Methinks is nectar sweet from Kāma's fount.

VIDŪṢAKA. Say, *she* must be in a funk today !

KING. She *is*, old chap, for with departing day Vicakṣaṇā came to me and told me of her plight.

VIDŪṢAKA. With what letter ?

KING. Listen,

Like to a tossing swing the sighs she breathes,
 And as a waterfall her tearful eyes ;
 All sear her blossom of the tagara,¹
 Yea, pale her cheek, and faint—how faint!—those limbs,
 Nigh which the crescent of the silvern moon
 Seems gross and great, e'en on its natal eve.

And furthermore,

Ah, let the betel climb the betel-palm,
 The night find union with her chosen lord ;
 So yon sweet songstress make thy heart her own,
 And Kāma win him mighty victory.

¹ *Tabernaemontana coronaria*, Roxb., a shrub bearing waxy double flowers of a pure white color and a faint pleasant odor, which becomes delightfully fragrant at night (Roxburgh, 249 : Balfour, iii. 797-798).